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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 27, 1938
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Vol. CLIV No. 2014 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUGUST 27 1938

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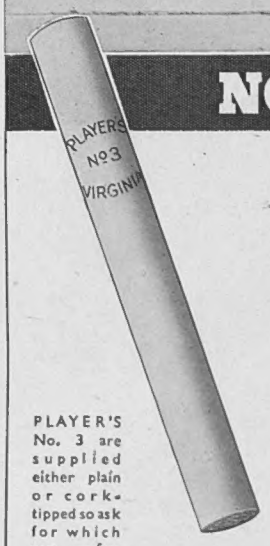

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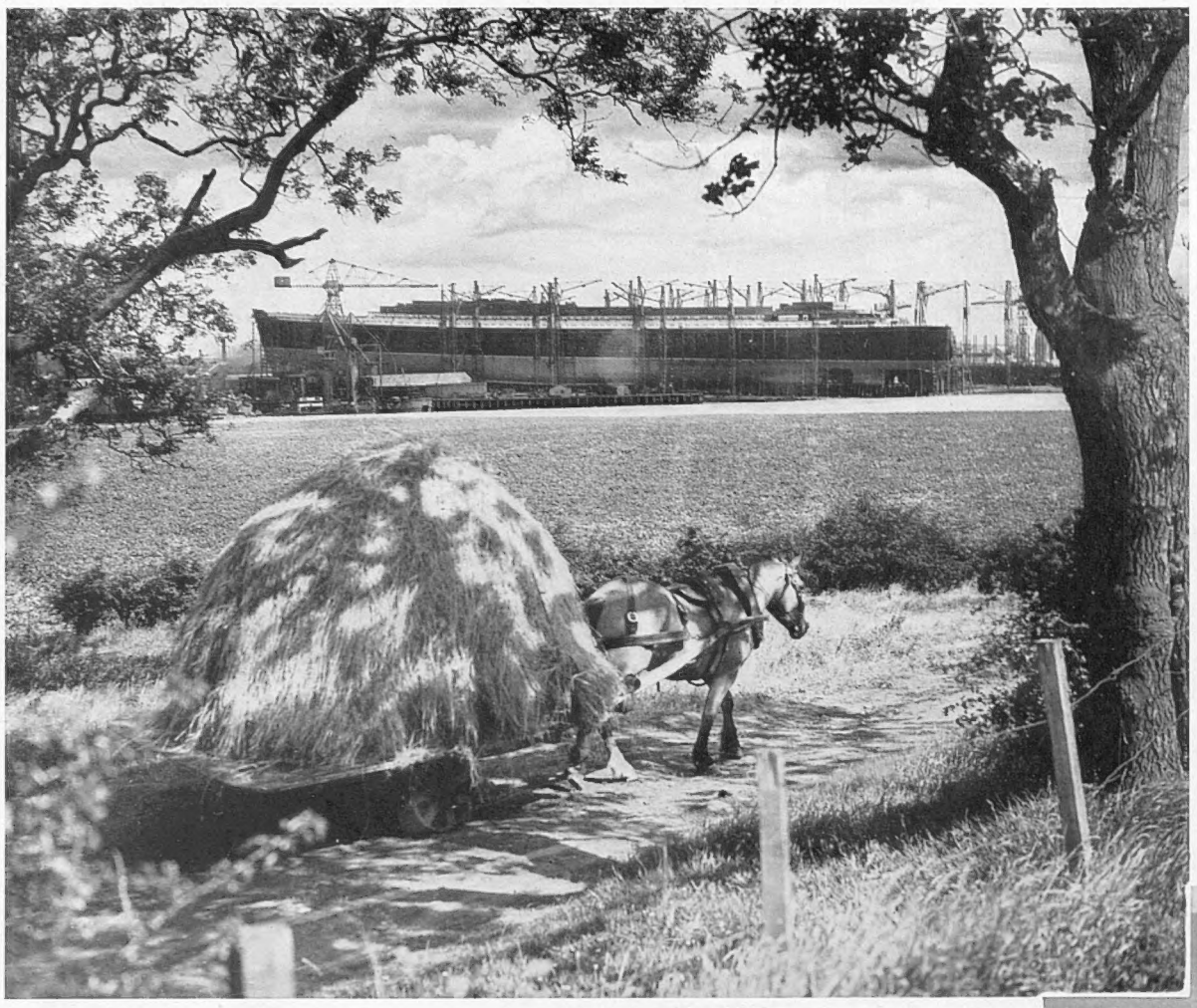
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 27, 1938

HERR HITLER AND HIS STANDARD BEARER

An Impressive Figure Accompanying the Chancellor on His Visit to the 2nd Army Corps Manœuvres: The Führer Leaving a Concrete Fortification with Colonel-General von Brauchitsch

The re-militarisation of the Rhineland and the march into Austria are recent memories in a Europe aware that such sudden strokes are common to Nazi policy, and it was little wonder that neighbour nations of the Reich looked on with misgiving when it became known this month that Germany had called up 750,000 reservists, had in all 1,000,000 men under arms, had allocated nurses and civilian doctors to special duties with the forces, and had requisitioned food, horses, and motor vehicles for the most elaborate series of military manœuvres ever staged by any one country. This display of might is to continue until the end of September, but by the beginning of this week the tension had eased, alarmist reports rapidly losing currency. The German exercises this year have, apart from their size, several unusual features. There is no mass concentration of troops in a particular area, no fewer than thirty camps, widely scattered through the country, having been established. The main object is to give reservists a chance to operate in conditions approximating those likely to be encountered on active service and thus to bring them to a high pitch of efficiency. One effect of this has been to rob industry of skilled workers, and some factories have had difficulty in carrying on in face of this shortage. Chancellor Hitler has already visited several of the manœuvre areas, and wherever he has gone he has been accompanied by an impressive figure bearing his standard or gonfalon

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

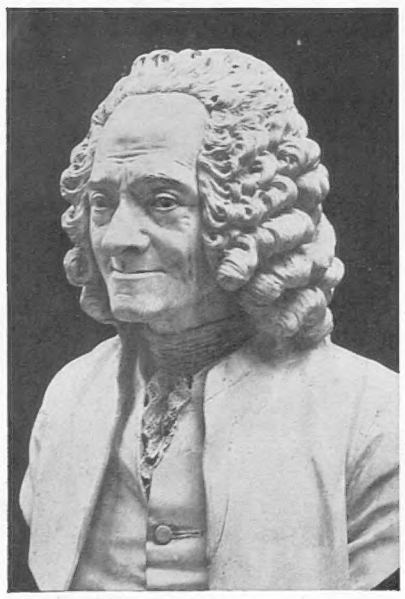


THE ARTS OF PEACE as exemplified by a camera study taken in a half-rural, half-industrial setting by the banks of the Clyde. In the foreground a hay-cart rumbles past, and in the far distance rises the giant hull of the new Cunard White Star liner, *Queen Elizabeth*, which is to be launched by the Queen on September 27

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, August 24, 1938.

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

—Ten weeks from now will bring us past the middle of October and by then most people will be back at work, their holidays a memory. The German manœuvres, it is said, will last ten weeks. They are certainly on a vast and realistic scale. Hundreds of thousands of reservists, blocs of the civil population, private horses, cars and foodstuffs, are roped in; and only the decayed and aged may leave Germany. This frontier and that frontier will be "threatened" in turn. It is almost as if the dawn of a new sense of humour (of a kind we pride ourselves on appreciating) had broken over Germany. It is as if the German leaders had decided to pinch and tease our good, easy flanks and keep us and the French on tenterhooks during the whole of our traditional carnival time. And indeed I sometimes wonder they have not employed such large-scale methods of teasing more often before. During these last lovely summer days, and during our late "brilliant" season of sport and social gaieties, my thoughts have often turned to Europe, less happily placed. True, only complete thoughtlessness could evoke the cry: "Fools! You might be sunning yourselves light-heartedly in the beauties of nature and the brilliance of civilised life and amenities, but you prefer to wallow in mud and blood, to drill and march and plan and tighten your belts in the causes of racialism, nationalism, fanaticism and political vendetta . . ." Those who think at all know that that vast surrender of individual wills which has brought these bitter, these strenuous, these dreary and ugly exercises and practices, was compelled by hard circumstance, not by free volition. But that fact does not make it less tempting to those in authority in dictator states to sting our sleek sides if the chance come. We must seem fair game in a stimulating bull-baiting, for, after our experiences in the past few years, we shall not be certain till the "cease fire" actually sounds that the teasing may not lead as before to seizing. These manœuvres are indeed the "image of war" with rather more than "25 per cent. of its danger." And many an overworked British Minister of State will take his eye off the ball or the bird and fail to strike his fish in his preoccupation with these frontier movements and may very well complain with Lucy Lockit "O MacHeath, you have robbed me of my quiet."



THE SAGE OF FERNEY: Voltaire, whose life has been written by Alfred Noyes, and lately adjudged by the Vatican as a work "worthy of condemnation"

STORM over VOLTAIRE

A theological conflict of much interest has been raging in the correspondence columns of "The Times" since Lord Charnwood wrote to that journal early in August and protested against the high-handed action of the Vatican in declaring "worthy of condemnation" Alfred Noyes' life of Voltaire, in suggesting that the author write something equivalent to a reparation, and in ordering the publishers to withdraw the work from sale. Mr. Noyes has apparently not been told by the Vatican what are the "errors" in his book, but in defending the intention of the work he makes clear it was written with the single-minded purpose of serving the Roman Catholic faith to which he adheres by producing statements or admissions out of the mouth of Voltaire himself, which entirely shatter the atheistic contentions of his followers and their view of their leader. In reply to this, several writers have indicated that Mr. Noyes, being a Roman Catholic, should accept unquestioningly the dictates of Rome. On the other hand, the author, in a final summing up of the situation, says that as his "free will and conscience were entirely swept aside, to demand or to make submission in these circumstances would be entirely subversive of Christian doctrines. The actual procedure happens also to be against the Civil Law of this country. I have been writing," he continues, "for nearly forty years, and now I cannot in conscience make corrections under duress, though no one would have more instantly responded to any legitimate request of authority."

A NATIONAL REGISTER.—

The case for a National Register is unanswerable. The last world war is not so far away that we have forgotten the waste of effort, enthusiasm, and valuable time which characterised its first year, when official bureaux, having no policy and no instructions, snubbed the offers of volunteers, and amateur organisations fell over each other's feet and ploughed each other's field in the effort to help. We can no longer pretend, it seems, that the "state of alarm" has not been sounded, and in the circumstances the appropriate minister should even now be in Whitehall directing the elaborate mechanism necessary to create the register. Sir Edward Grigg is among the M.P.s who are urging the measure on the Government, and in an article on the subject in *The Daily Telegraph* he put very clearly the unanswerable arguments for its instant initiation. Many classes in the State are already "registered"; some professional organisations (like the Medical Association) have already prepared a "war" register of the members of their professions throughout the country. But a most important section of the public, the wealthier classes, commercial, professional, "idle" and so forth, remain unregistered, their qualifications unknown, the chosen field of their usefulness not yet on record. Those of them between forty-five and sixty possess a gigantic aggregate of experience under testing war conditions in many fields which would be a gold mine in defence if the vein were laid bare. A short questionnaire which hardly one in a thousand would object to, or neglect to fill up, would give that vital information and enable it to be collated and recorded. Every five years it could be re-animated and brought up to date. It would seem to be—to have been since 1934 at least—the clear and urgent duty of any British Government to set it on foot. One has grown tired of pointing out its importance in defence, one has deplored that shameful waste of golden experience sacrificed for lack of statistics and records. But apparently "No Government can risk it." Sir Edward Grigg puts more baldly, more clearly, than (I think) I have ever seen it stated, the fatal weakness of our form of democratic government. If his words mean anything he asserts as an unquestioned fact that no government of a democracy dare initiate any measure, however vital for the safety of the State, which might divide the country "on party lines." He goes further. He says that where such a vital measure is called for for national safety, the government is *relieved of responsibility*, and public opinion must "take its own initiative." In a word, the measure cannot be achieved until the public, presumably through the press, has kicked its government so hard and so often in the pants, that it reluctantly accepts its orders from the people it is paid to lead, and sorrowfully risks party votes to bring about a long overdue measure of safety. That is apparently a normal M.P.'s notion of the function of democratic government. To me, at least, it is an eye-opener. One does not wonder so much that peoples in greater distress than ours sometimes swallow dictatorships.

EASTBOURNE FLYING CLUB'S RALLY: There was a big gathering at Wilmington Aerodrome last week when the club's new quarters were opened by Air-Commodore J. A. Chamier, D.S.O.

SEVEN POINTS—BLUNTED.

—Mr. Hull has followed American precedent and made his points, halving

NEWSLETTER

Mr. Wilson's and keeping to a golden number. He awoke one morning from dreams to—a nightmare! He discovered a world in which appalling manifestations of disintegration were plain to see, and international lawlessness had advanced with staggering rapidity. He observed: the territory of sovereign states being invaded; treaty obligations being violated wholesale; international differences being "adjusted" by armed force. He finds it all very shocking and wishes he had stayed asleep. But having woken up and drunk his morning cup of tea, he launched his seven points and they are quite unexceptionable. Only the last has any new significance for the troubled world, and unfortunately Mr. Hull felt compelled to blunt it with a condition and to render it entirely futile. Mr. Hull declared that American foreign policy must henceforth be a programme of:—Economic reconstruction (this is no news to America); adherence to international law; observance of treaties; abstention from force; free intellectual co-operation. These five points we accept as nothing new and quite in keeping with American tradition and practice. We doubt not America will continue to ensue them. No. 6 is bound up in No. 7. They are (6) Reduction in armaments; (7) International co-operation to attain these objectives. Then comes the "blunt instrument." "American collaboration must be always within the range of our traditional policies of non-entanglement." Mr. Hull might just as well have stayed snoring. We have heard it all before. America stands where she did. America remains a united ostrich farm. She will continue to take only a "laboratory interest" in the infection of civilisation until she is herself infected and needs careful nursing. Mr. Hull perfectly appreciates the inexorable certainty that if chaos come America will be part of the chaos. The muddy and menacing waters must be dammed at once—but America's "traditional policy" forbids her to dirty her fingers at the dykes. That is not an unjust estimate of the practical worth of Mr. Hull's seven points. Granted, a politician must guard his tongue and shape his sentences to suit his own nationals. But the constructive contribution to civilisation's crisis contained in his world broadcast would go on a threepenny bit and leave plenty of space for other trifles. His speech is only a little step in the long, long road to converting the Middle-west voter—bane of many an aspiring statesman—to a view of the world wider than his own backyard.

"NEWS FROM THE PAST."—This week's gem from the limbo of the past is quite stimulating and refreshing. It is reassuring, also. For it satisfies us that even dictators are human and not supermen, and are liable to fall into the inconsistencies of ordinary men. In January, 1913, Italy was engaged in the conquest of Tripoli and the following "leader" appeared in the Italian paper *Avanti*. It was over the signature "Benito Mussolini"!: "Sir,—Here, then, we are confronted by an Italy, nationalist, conservative, clerical, which claims to make the sword its law and the army the school of the nation. We had foreseen this moral perversion and, for that reason, are not surprised by it. But those who think that this preponderance of militarism is a sign of strength are mightily mistaken. Strong peoples have no need to give themselves up to such a stupid orgy as that in which the Italian press is now letting itself go with mad exaltation. Strong peoples have some sense of measure. Italy, nationalist and militarist, shows that it lacks this sense. . . . Thus it comes almost that a miserable war of conquest is acclaimed as if it were a Roman triumph."

LANDON RONALD.—Landon Ronald's name was for long linked with that of Sir Henry Wood in the minds of the occasional concert-goer. They were the two best known British conductors for many years. Music was in Ronald's blood. He was the son of Henry Russell, a composer of still popular sea songs ("A life on the Ocean Wave," and so on). He studied music from childhood and became a fine pianist and accompanyist, and soon after obtained work and experience as a conductor at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. It was in 1908, when he took charge of the Albert Hall orchestra, that he became a familiar figure to Londoners, and he built up the New Symphony Orchestra. Between 1908 and the war, when "weekends" were not as widespread and customary as now, those Sunday concerts at the Albert Hall were the resort of scores of young men like myself who had no cars and between January and April no great inducement to pack up and go into the country. He opened for me many pleasant doors into the realms of music. I don't know if he was in the first flight among conductors. He was competent, sympathetic and inspiring, and he made himself, as a result of personal contacts with Elgar, a recognised interpreter of Elgar's work. He did good work, administrative and educational, at the Guildhall School for a quarter of a century, and deserved his knighthood. He was always busy in various fields of music as critic, editor, organiser and adviser, and he found time to compose songs as popular as and more meritorious than his father's and to write his reminiscences. He certainly wrote his name in our social history, for before the coming of radio he and Wood between them took the lion's share of public gratitude for removing a great reproach on the British character. Before 1908 Britain was definitely in the dark ages musically. It was their conducting which paved the way for the B.B.C. In the last thirty years we have emerged as a nation definitely music-minded. I can clearly remember how just was the condemnation laid on us by Germany and other music-minded nations before and during the Edwardian age, when music lovers could be counted in tens and chiefly among the privileged few of the privileged class.

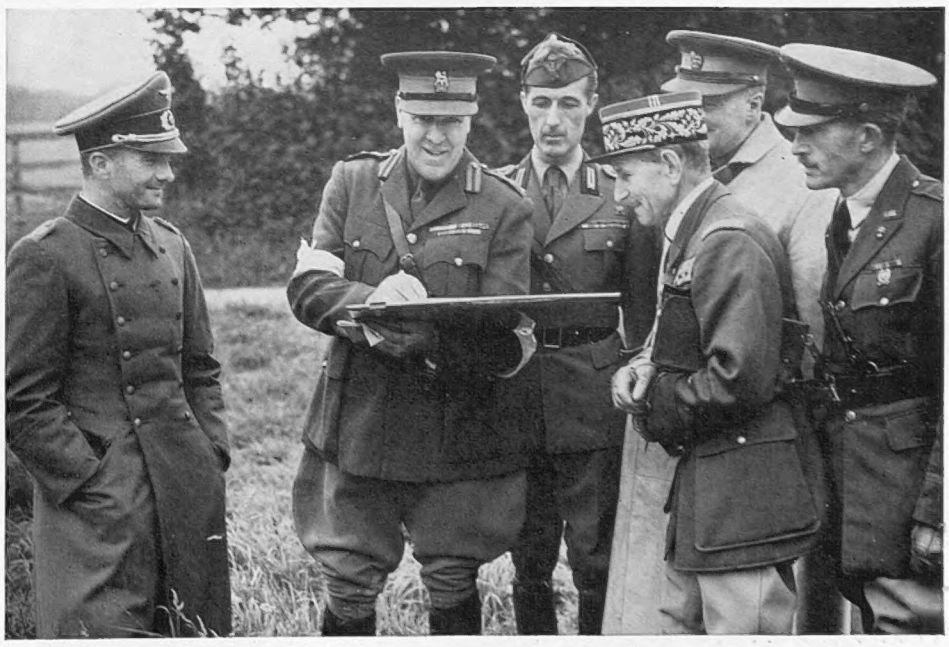
LORD RUNCIMAN AT THE CRUX.—Lord Runciman at the moment of writing has reached the crux of his problem. He has seen everybody in authority on both sides and is presumably in a position "to see both sides." The fact that he has been accepted by both sides as mediator does not mean that either side or both would accept his findings as a final arbitration. What is in his favour is that he is accepted as utterly above and outside political controversies, as a man who has nobly volunteered for a thankless and infinitely difficult task, and as a mediator who is well aware that he has no power and no authority to bind or loose. It is also in his favour that, though the opposing claims are apparently utterly immovable and utterly irreconcilable, neither side nor its backers want the crisis to develop to breaking point and would be thankful for a compromise or even a formula of words which could spare the feelings of both sides and tide things over for a testing period. The Czechs have gone far. Lord Runciman is already furnished with the last extractions from their purse of concessions or bargaining counters. The Sudeten Germans have gained so much that the scales might yet be turned by the throwing in of a concession no more important than the allocation to them of one more key position in the Government. Having gained so much, it is at least worth a trial period to see how those mighty concessions work out in practice.

THE OLD STAGER

A MAZE OF STEEL POTHOOKS which form part of a Waterloo Bridge abutment

WONDERS OF REINFORCED CONCRETE

The special attention of readers is drawn to the remarkable series of pictures on pages 338 *and* 339 *of this issue. There the process by which many of the huge London office blocks are now being erected is shown in detail. The method of combining steel with concrete is in many ways a very remarkable one and in its initial stages is distinctly puzzling to the onlooker. Out of an apparently formless mass of pothooks and tubes which are ultimately lost to sight in a stream of concrete, there appears a skeleton structure of beams and floors of enormous strength upon which is grafted the external stone and brick. This method should not be confounded with the steel frame construction so extensively used in London these days. That is limited by its girder form, whereas the strength of ferro-concrete is such that almost any design is rendered possible.*

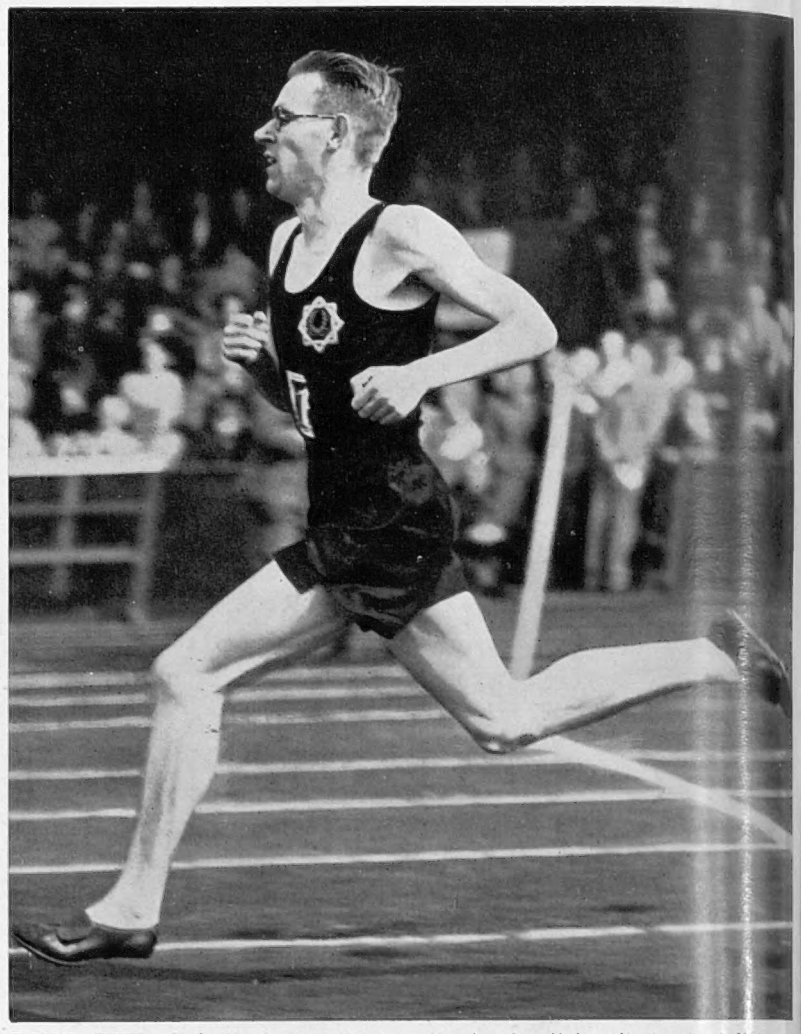


THE ART OF WAR: A cosmopolitan group taken during the British army exercises which have been going on in the south of England and have differed in such marked fashion from the giant manœuvres in Germany. Left to right—Captain Roske (German army), Colonel Short (chief umpire), Lieut.-Colonel Laderchi (Italian military attaché), General Lelong (French army), Major-General C. Heywood (British army), and Captain Studler (U.S. army)

RECORD BREAKERS in SPORT

Leonard Hutton and S. C. Wooderson Make Headline News

NON-STOP HUTTON: England's record-breaking Number One batsman attempting to hook a ball from Fleetwood-Smith to the boundary during the play-to-a-finish fifth Test match which began at the Oval last Saturday. Hutton's batting was phenomenal and when his score reached 336 he passed Bradman's record individual Test match score. Altogether he defied the Australian bowlers for two and a half days and made 364



FLYING FEET: S. C. Wooderson all-out on the London University track at Motspur Park where he added to his many successes last Saturday by successfully attacking the world half-mile record, improving by ·4 sec. on the previous best time of 1 min. 49·6 secs. set up in New York by the American, Elroy Robinson. It was on the same track last year that Wooderson accomplished his world record for the mile

A PANEL PAINTING OF THE DOOM

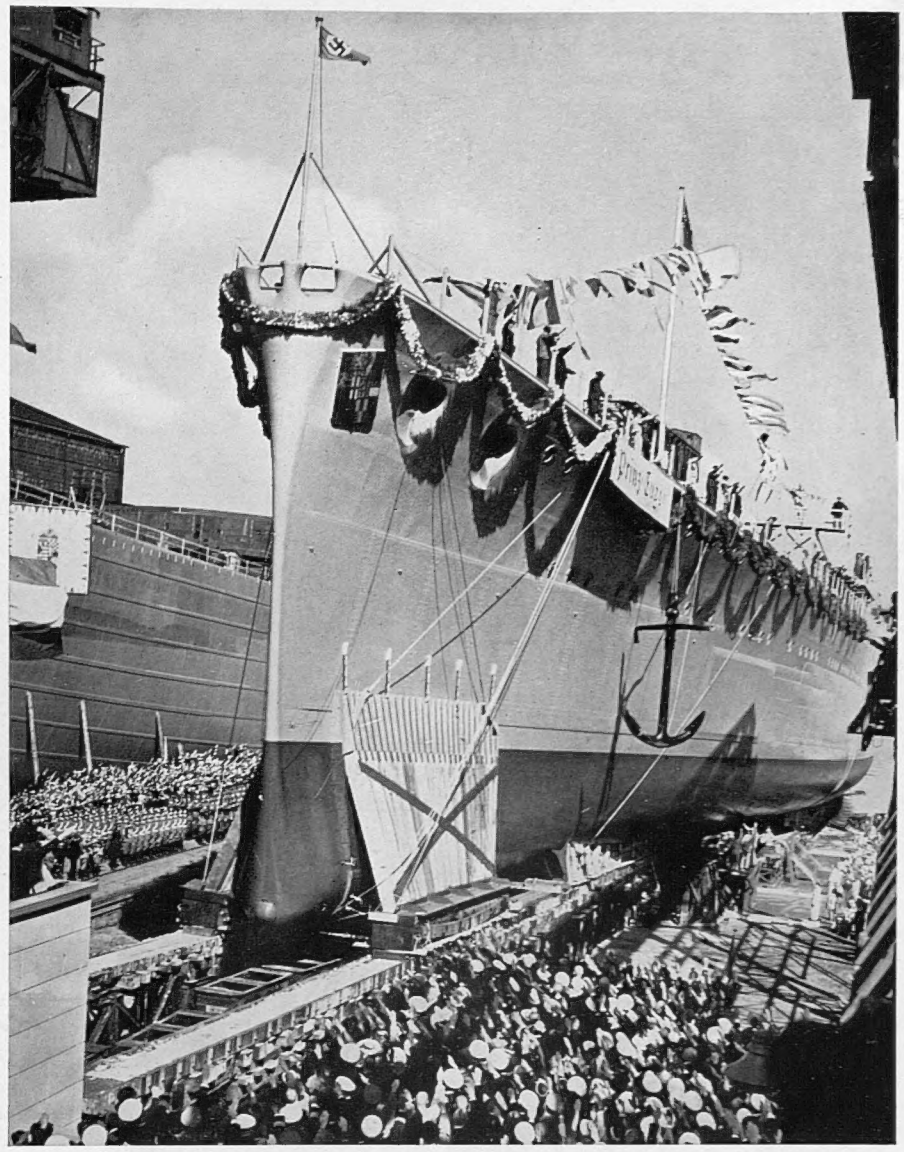
Discovered Amid "Rubbish" in a Buckinghamshire Churchyard

An important archæological discovery has been made at Penn, Buckinghamshire. During a recent restoration of the church a number of oak boards covered with dilapidated plaster were removed from a space in the roof above the chancel arch. While they lay in the churchyard waiting to be carted away as rubbish a workman found that there was colouring on them beneath the plaster. Expert advice was sought; the boards were cleaned and given preservative treatment, and a superb fifteenth-century painting of the Doom or Last Judgment was revealed. The famous Doom at Wenhaston, Suffolk, was discovered in 1892 in much the same way: and there are only two or three other examples in the whole of England of this subject painted on oak boards for placing in or above the chancel arch in churches. The Penn example is by far the richest in colouring. It has a further interest because it is of two periods. The first painting is very fine work of about 1400, and is thus probably one of the earliest panel paintings of the Doom in this country

HORTHY GOES to GERMANY

The Head of the Hungarian State Visits Vienna and Kiel

HUNGAR[illegible] REGENT MAKES A BRIEF HALT IN THE OESTMARK: Admiral Ho[illegible] on the platform at Vienna Station, where he was greeted by Nazi lea[illegible] at the start of his visit to Germany. He is the first head of a state to [illegible] officially to the Reich since the National Socialist regime was est[illegible]hed in 1933, and, accordingly, he has been received with great pomp



A DELICATE COMPLIMENT: The scene at Krupps Germania wharf, Kiel, as the new 18,000-ton "J" cruiser *Prince Eugen* was launched by Madame Horthy, wife of the Hungarian Regent, in the presence of Herr Hitler and other leaders of the Reich. The cruiser was named after a vessel in which Admiral Horthy once served when Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Hungarian navy, and the compliment must obviously have pleased the distinguished visitor

THE 40-HOUR WEEK IN FRANCE

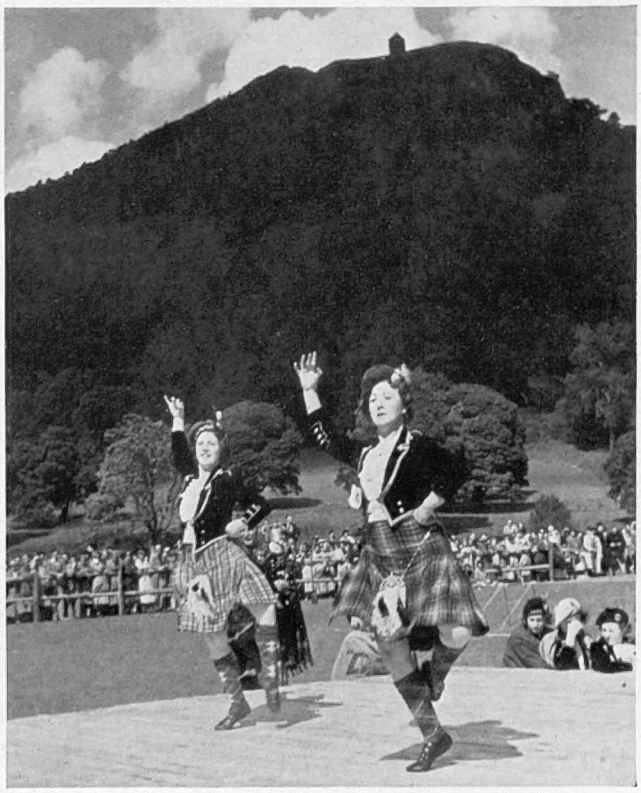
Trade Unionists Oppose The Government: Ministers Resign

Members of the executive committee of the French C.G.T. (Trade Union Congress) pictured in session in Paris last Monday when they met to consider the situation following Premier Daladier's broadcast address on Sunday, when he declared that the 40-hour week—established by the first Popular Front Government—would have to be modified in order to make it possible for all employees to work extra hours if required, and that national defence industries would have to be authorised to do a 48-hour week. The C.G.T. immediately called on all its organisations "to keep calm and remain vigilant, with a view to any action which might be decided upon for the defence of the 40-hour week or of the social laws," while at the same time the Ministers of Labour and Public Works, M. Ramadier and M. Frossard, resigned in protest. On the whole, the nation received the news well—realising the need for such a move—and the swift nomination of new ministers effectually prevented the "fissures in the Popular Front" from developing into a government crisis

SCOTLAND : *Glenfinnan Monument for the Nation*

MEMORIES OF THE '45 were revived last week when Sir Iain Colquhoun addressed a large gathering at Glenfinnan, Inverness-shire, before Prince Charlie's monument was handed over to the National Trust of Scotland. It was at this spot that the Stuart prince raised his standard in 1745 to begin the campaign that was to end so disastrously at Culloden

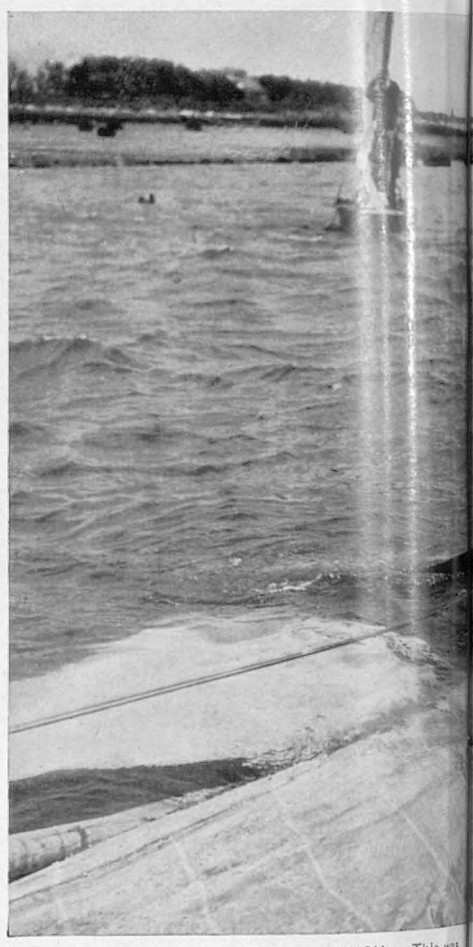
THE BID THAT FAILED: A view of Prince Charlie's monument at Glenfinnan—reminder of the abortive Stuart rising of 1745—taken during the ceremony at which it was handed over to the National Trust of Scotland by Sir Walter Blunt. The monument lies just on the borders of Inverness-shire and Argyllshire



THE HIGHLAND GAMES are now in full swing and at Inveraray, Argyllshire, where this picture was taken, there was a most successful gathering last week, many notabilities from the western highlands attending. In the distance rises that picturesque landmark, Dauiquoich Hill, on the 900 ft. summit of which stands the house immortalised in the writings of Sir Walter Scott

ENGLAND : *Sail*

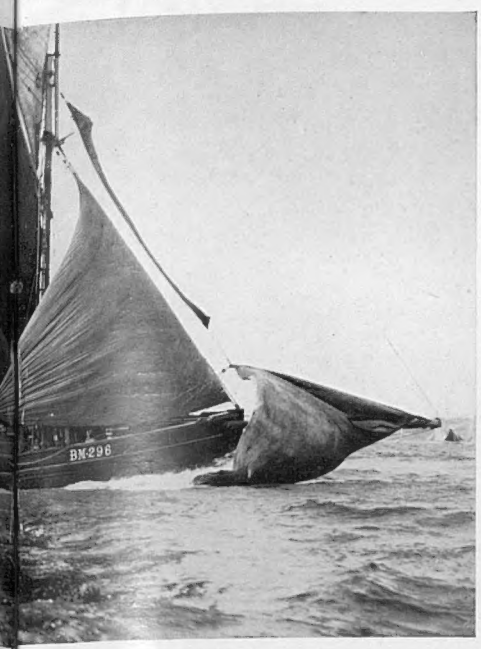
AN UNLUCKY BEGINNING: P. Upham's *Silver* of the George V Cup race for Brixham trawlers this year—an indication of the lamentable decline superb display, fighting their way through rain admiration. The race may be the last in which



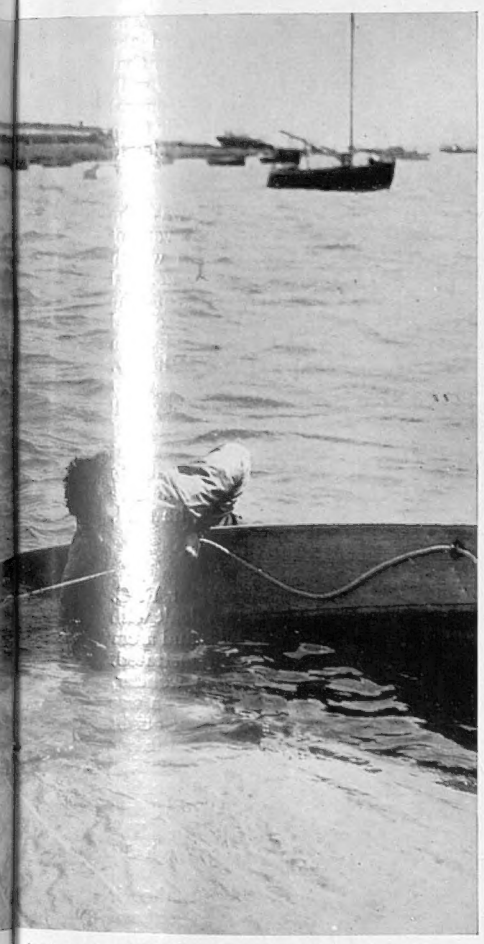
WAITING FOR THE RESCUE LAUNCH: This was capsized during the Public Schoolboys' regatta Burnham-on-Crouch. It was a stormy meeting, while on the second the programme had to be

TAKING IT CALMLY: Two more casualties at the one youth sitting on the upturned hull of his wind were very strong, and it was little wonder, had to be abandoned on the first day and our proved very exciting, giving the boys plenty to do

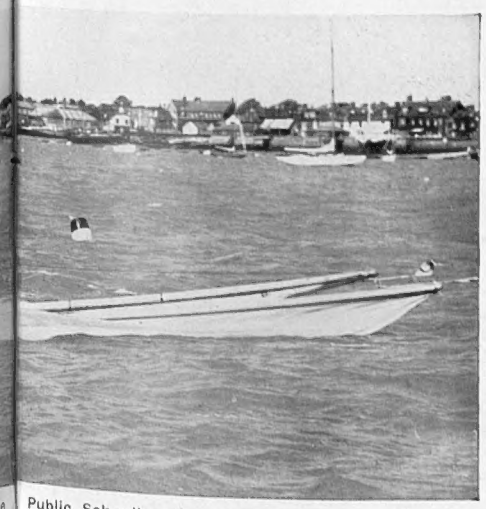
...ing Thrills and Spills



Lining with her jib blown overboard at the start at Brixham Regatta. There were only four entries in the number of these boats—but they gave a squalls in a fashion that could not but compel working Brixham trawlers will ever take part

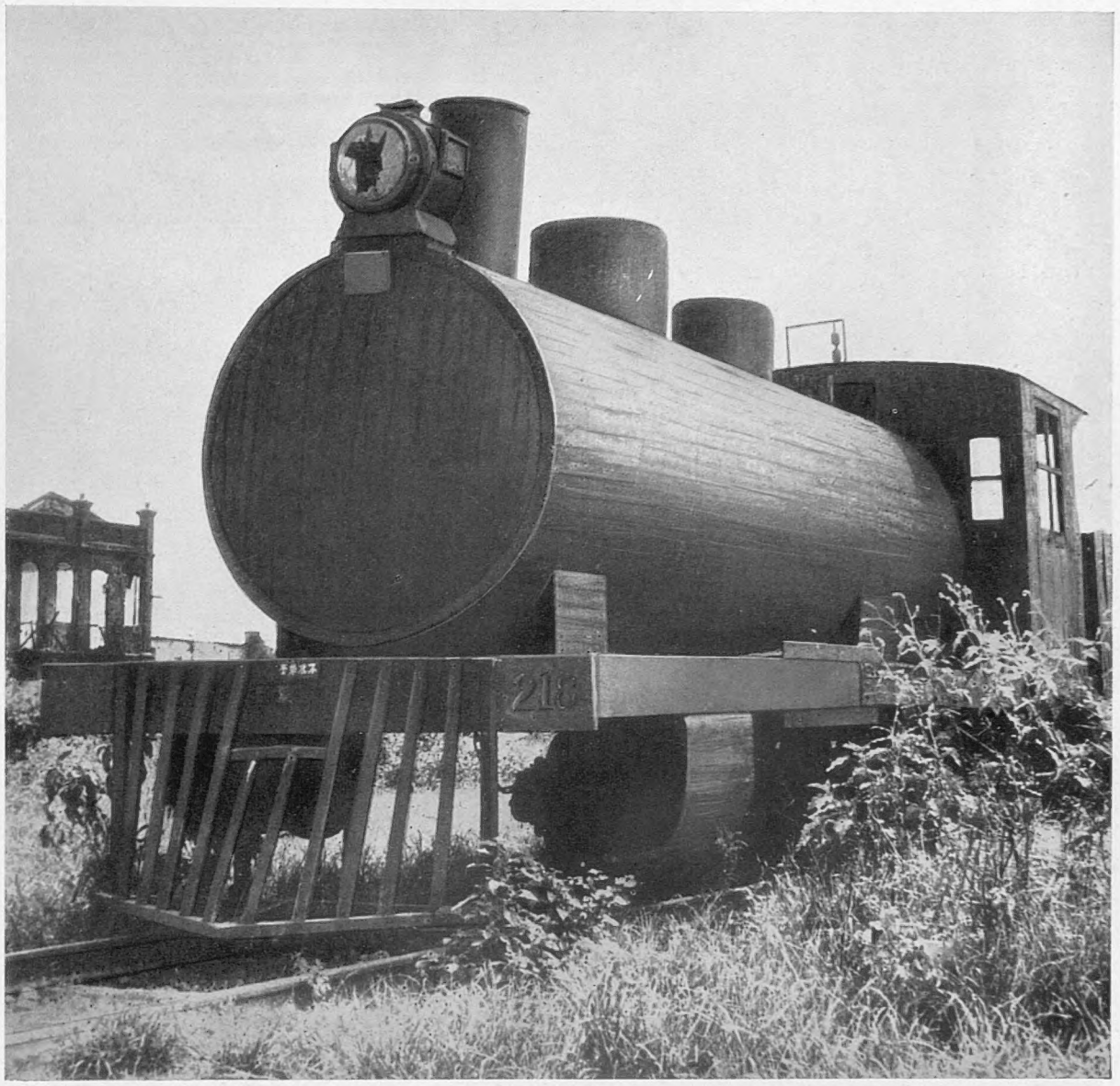


just one of the young competitors whose boat organised by the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club at all the events being suspended on the first day, curtailed after only three heats had been sailed



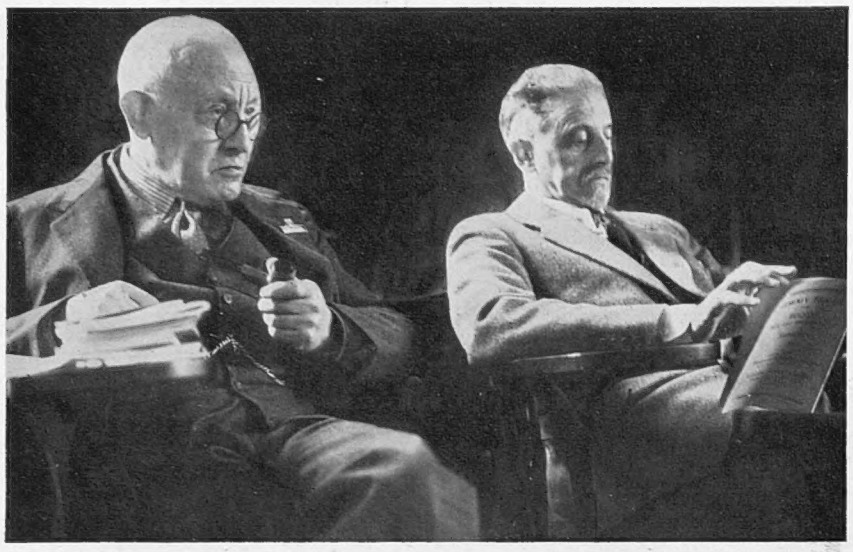
Public Schoolboys' regatta, Burnham-on-Crouch—boat and the other in the water. The gusts of though a great disappointment, that the programme tailed on the second. The heats that were sailed and, indeed, a real chance to show their seamanship

CHINA: *Japanese Bombing; and Defensive Subterfuge*

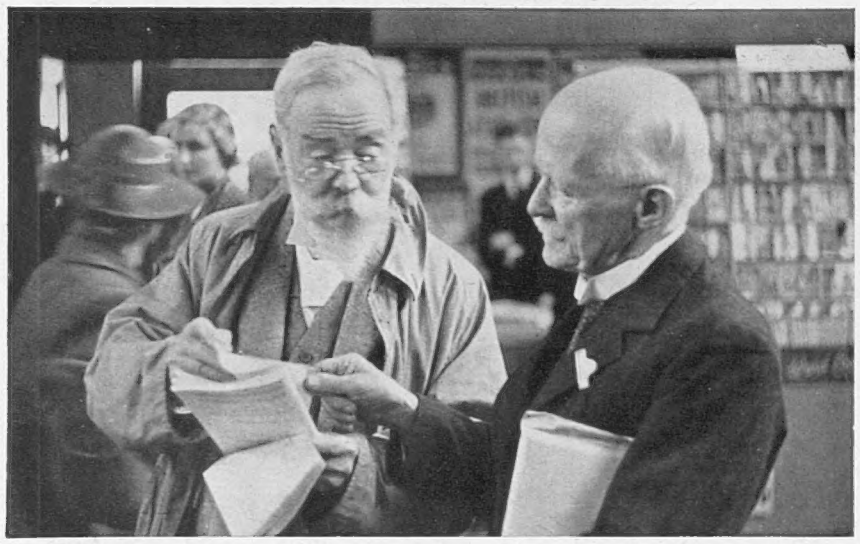


CHINESE SUBTERFUGE: From the sky this cleverly-made dummy locomotive has all the appearance of the real thing. It was placed by the Chinese on a set of rails outside the town of Kiukiang in the hope that the Japanese bombers would make it an objective and leave the real line untouched. The expedient has proved effective on quite a number of occasions during the present Sino-Japanese war, and readers of "The Sphere" may remember having seen in these pages a picture of a dummy aeroplane taken on the outskirts of Nanking at an earlier stage in the campaign

UNLOADING DEADLY CARGOES: A dramatic aerial view showing Japanese bombs exploding on a squadron of Chinese gunboats off the city of Yochow on Tungting lake, Province of Hunan. The picture is evidently from a Japanese source and the photographer's caption states that the entire squadron was sunk. This, of course, is quite possible, as the Chinese anti-aircraft defences have distinct limitations, thus allowing the invaders to operate from short range. Tungting lake lies near the Yangtse, up which the Japanese have been pushing their way with the utmost difficulty

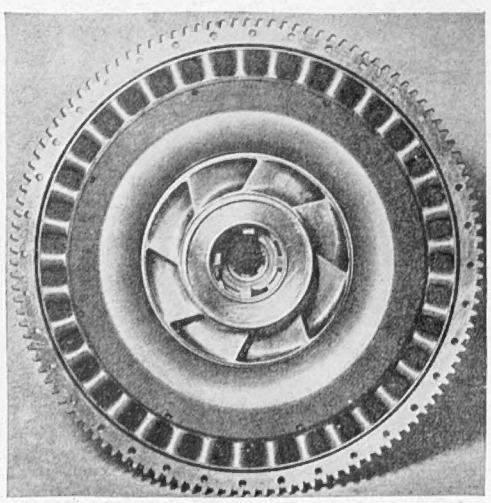


THE CANDID CAMERA AT CAMBRIDGE: Dr. G. P. Bidder, Sc.D., F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.R.M.S., the noted biologist and owner of the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, pictured with Sir Sidney F. Harmer, K.B.E., F.R.S., Sc.D., B.Sc., former president of the Linnean Society of London, during one of the sessions of the British Association, which this year proved more than usually interesting from the layman's viewpoint



A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS at the British Association meeting which, as usual, attracted scientific experts from all parts of the world to hear a brilliant series of addresses

A CAR WITH A DIFFERENCE: Professor F. C. Lea raising the bonnet of the new clutchless and gearless motor when he demonstrated it to fellow members of the British Association on behalf of the inventor, Commendatore Pietro Salerni. The commercial possibilities of the invention must, at this early stage, be considered with reserve, but it undoubtedly makes for easier driving. It will be at least a year before it is possible to market it



A PEEP INSIDE THE GEARLESS AND CLUTCHLESS CAR: *Left*—The hand is pointing to the new device replacing the normal gear-box at the rear of the engine. *Right*—A face-view of the remarkable oil-driven turbine which operates the main shaft by an entirely novel pumping system whereby oil pressure supplants the use of the gear-box

A BANQUET OF REASON AND DOGMA

Scientists Congregate at Cambridge for the Meeting of the British Association, and Provide Thought-provoking Fare for the Layman

IN August, when news is inclined to be scarce and the press is eager for copy, the annual meeting of the British Association is in the nature of a godsend, this veritable banquet of reason and dogma yielding many columns of thought-provoking fare.

This year has proved no exception and the many learned scientists who gathered in Cambridge served in their erudite addresses to remind the nation at large of the basic importance and interest of natural science, alike in its philosophical bearings, its practical results, and its social implications. Much of what they had to say was deeply technical, but there was much, too, that the layman could appreciate and profit by.

* * *

The outstanding address of the meeting came from the president, Lord Rayleigh, distinguished scientific son of a distinguished scientific father, who in his observations on the relation between science and warfare, pointed out that the former cannot be made responsible for the horrors of the latter. He amplified the point by tracing the origins of explosives, poison gas, and the aeroplane, and submitting that from the experience of the past the application of fundamental discoveries in science to purposes of war was altogether too remote for it to be possible to control such discoveries at the source. The urge to explore the unknown would not be deterred by possible contingent results which might not be, and generally were not, fully apparent till long after the death of the explorer.

"It is true," said Lord Rayleigh, "that brilliant writers of imaginative fiction, such as Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, had foretold all, and more than all, the horrors that have since come to pass. But it is perhaps more to the point to inquire what were the contemporary views of practical men. The Wrights made their first successful flight in 1903. In 1904 I myself heard the then First Sea Lord of the Admiralty repudiate with scorn the suggestion that the Government were interesting themselves in the matter; and I know with equal definiteness that even as late as 1908 the Chief of the Imperial General Staff did not believe in the military importance of flight. Would it be fair then to blame the inventors for not having realised it, and for not having stayed their hands?"

* * *

The next subject that captured the imagination at the meeting was the symposium held by the anthropology section on the recent discovery of parts of a fossil human skull in the Swanscombe gravels in Kent, in which geologists, zoologists, archæologists, and anatomists took part. The general conclusions were that the fossil was from the Acheulean period dating from the temperate interglacial between the Mindel and Riss glaciations. The associated animals include elephas antiques, rhinoceros, etc. It is the first occasion on which a human fossil has been found associated with a hand-axe industry. The remains are fragmentary. Though it seems they indicate a somewhat lower stage of brain evolution than the average of modern man, they fall within the range of our own species. If so it extends the range in time of *homo sapiens* backwards to a considerable extent to the mid Pleistocene, at least a quarter of a million years ago. Sir Arthur Keith expressed the opinion that the Swanscombe man was related to the earlier and more primitive Piltdown man. The difference between the two skulls is comparable, he said, to that between a Daimler of 1900 and its present-day successor.

* * *

From the general public's point of view the paper read by Professor F. C. Lea in the Engineering Section was of vital interest. There he dealt with the problem of getting rid of clutch and gears from an automobile, and a car built on this principle by Commendatore Salerni was actually demonstrated. A *Daily Express* reporter, who had the opportunity of driving this new wonder, wrote:—"First I had a look under the bonnet. All that could be seen was a sealed cylinder about 13 ins. long and 10 ins. deep where the gear-box ought to have been. Inside were only footbrake and accelerator. Otherwise the car was just a standard 21 h.p. model. The engine was ticking over as I fumbled for the clutch and gear lever, then remembered there were none. I touched the accelerator and the car moved off briskly without the usual whirl of first gear. The car accelerated with extraordinary speed and smoothness. The makers say the ordinary geared model of this car will accelerate through the gears from stop to 70 m.p.h. in 36 secs. Without gears it took 23 secs.

"The core of the invention is a centrifugal pump of such design that it provides a steady, streamlined flow of oil at all pressures. That has never been possible before, and scientists have believed that oil must always become what they call turbulent under pressure, thereby losing efficiency.

"The car engine actuates the pump which works in conjunction with an ordinary turbine and shaft to the back axle."

* * *

During the period of the meeting tens of thousands of words must have been reported and among utterances that claimed particular attention were the following:—

"The widespread growth of Government interference makes the economist's function of advice-giving more and not less important. Officially sponsored rationalisation schemes, arrangements for the semi-public operation of services, public policy with regard to road and rail transport, marketing board arrangements, all require vigilant scrutiny in the light of the criterion, to say nothing of more full-blooded Socialist programmes."—*Mr. R. F. Harrod, University Lecturer in Economics, Oxford.*

"Excessive or capricious discipline produces bad effects, but it is nonsense to assert, as a few eccentric schoolmasters and amateur educationists do, that children should have no discipline at all but be given absolute freedom to develop as they will. Children left to themselves no more become civilised adults than fields left to themselves become gardens."—*Mr. R. Knight, Aberdeen.*

"The quality and extent of our farming are practically determined to-day by the wages and conditions of agricultural employment. The labour bill on most farms is one-third of the total expenditure. In certain types of farming it is more than that."—*Mr. C. S. Orwin.*

"It is no great exaggeration to say that in Africa and throughout almost the whole of the vast stretch of the Indo-Pacific region there is scarcely a fish whose life-history is fully known. The harvest of the sea might be almost as important as the harvest of the land. Only through increased scientific knowledge can it be utilised."—*Dr. Stanley Kemp.*

THE WAR ON THE YANGTSE FRONT: How Chinese Troops Are Kept Informed of the Campaign's Progress

FIGHTING IN THE RIVER ZONE: Japanese troops crossing a pontoon before boarding an armoured motor boat on the Yangtse during the drive towards Hankow which, at the time of writing, is meeting with stiff Chinese resistance. Of recent weeks, indeed, Japan has ceased to dominate the war owing to the stubbornness of her opponents, the flooding of vast areas, and the alarming spread of cholera, dysentery, typhoid, and other diseases, which at Kiukiang, in particular, have taken a big toll of the invading force. Meanwhile Japan has carried on her air raids almost unceasingly, and her bombers have wrought much havoc in Hankow

DISPELLING THE FOG OF WAR: Chinese troops listening to a lecture on the strategic position of their own unit in relation to the whole Chinese line on the Hankow front. In this way the men are able to understand exactly what is happening, and it is felt by the higher command that this will add to their enthusiasm and efficiency. The morale of the Chinese troops is rapidly being restored

BEFORE BATTLE: Chinese troops, wearing camouflage, listening to a lecture on the plan of campaign as they were about to leave for the fighting line for an arduous spell of duty. Another picture evidencing the way in which Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is keeping his men informed of the progress of the war and, in so doing, inspiring a new confidence among them. *On right*—An advanced observation post on the Yangtse front, showing how camouflage is being employed. The periscope is of German origin and of the most modern type available

A CURIOSITY OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM: One of the giant pandas belonging to Mr. F. Tangier Smith in its quarters at the West China University, Chengtu. The panda's habitat is that dim, far-off corner of China lying near the Tibetan border and sometimes known as "The Lost Triangle of the World"

MAKING A MEAL OF SUGAR CANE: Another impression of one of Mr. Tangier Smith's giant pandas at Chengtu University. Its markings are truly extraordinary. It is in the main white, but a remarkable black saddle runs right over its shoulders, down over its forequarters to the toes of its forefeet, while the hind legs, the ears, the tip of the nose, and the eyes are also black, thus heightening the somewhat incongruous effect

HIS STAPLE DIET: In its own habitat the giant panda—one of the world's rarest animals—feeds and thrives on bamboo despite its low calorific value. The first of the species ever to be brought into captivity was that obtained by the American explorer, Ruth Harkness, who took a panda to the United States in 1936

THE WEST INDIAN SCENE

SUGAR HAS TURNED TRAITOR and the harvests of West Indian plantations no longer bring their former substantial price on the world's markets

Where Vital Social and Economic Issues Await Solution

By HAROLD STANNARD

In the accompanying article Harold Stannard, who has lately returned from the West Indies, outlines some of the problems that beset the islands and which, it is to be hoped, will find solution with the appointment of the Royal Commission of Inquiry set up as a direct result of the recent Trinidad riots

THEY lie, the smaller islands, in a great quarter circle curve, shutting in the large islands, with Jamaica tucked away inside everything else. From Jamaica as a centre, all the lines of traffic radiate, but unfortunately there are hardly any boats plying along those lines. From Kingston it is easier to get to New York than to Nassau, to Bristol than to Barbados. This lack of easy regular communication between the islands of the British West Indies is due partly to the absence of inter-insular trade and partly to the state of complete mutual isolation in which the islands elect to dwell. They might be European powers in their haughty suspiciousness of one another; St. Kitts and Nevis stare coldly across the 2 miles of sea separating them, like two Englishmen who have never been introduced and have failed to observe that they are both wearing the same school tie.

Except for Barbados, which is coral, and for Trinidad, which is a bit of South America that has broken loose, they are mountainous islands with long irregular backbones crowned with palm trees. The first time I saw the high, ragged West Indian sky-line with its palm tops waving in the wind, like women with their hair down leaning over the parapet of a house, I wondered what happened when the snow fell in winter. Then I remembered that I was in the tropics, that it was January, and that there was no snow, not even at 6,000 or 7,000 ft. But if these favoured islands never know cold, neither do they know intense heat. Thanks to the sea and the trade wind the temperature is scarcely higher than that of England on a really fine summer day, the seasonal variations are slight, and it is not necessary to wear a pith helmet.

By tradition the West Indian islands are sugar islands and for the sake of their sugar they have been more hotly fought over than any bit of tropical territory except the corresponding spice islands on the other side of the globe. It is hard for us to realise how much sugar and spice meant to Europeans in the days before refrigerators when there were no means of keeping food fresh. Those were the days when men fought passionately for sure right of access to lands whose products could give a savour to dry fare. Now the tides of history no longer race through West Indian waters and the islands have settled down under flags which, with two exceptions, have not changed since 1815. Cuba is no longer Spanish, and the Danish West Indies were bought by the United States during the great war; the other islands remain as the treaty-makers of Vienna assigned them, one, with 40 sq. miles of land all told, being divided between the French and the Dutch.

In this region so favoured by nature and long so coveted by man, Britain and Africa meet. Almost all the people of the West Indies have European blood in their veins and a full-blooded negro is rarely to be seen. Frenchmen and Spaniards have made their contribution, but British slavers brought over the bulk of the Africans, and British planters have helped to breed their descendants. Our responsibility for the islands under the British flag is physical as well as political and, in view of their present critical position, it would be no bad thing to serve a moral affiliation order on the national conscience.

Sugar has turned traitor. Sugar is obtained from a tropical grass which grows to the height of 8 ft. or more and whose juicy stems yield treacle and rum as well as the familiar white crystals. Whether sugar has been its own worst enemy or whether its present plight is due to the successful rivalry of the beetroot may be disputed. It is at any rate certain that Europe is no longer dependent on the West Indies for its sugar, which it can obtain at home or from the East Indies, where a new cane of greatly increased productivity has been scientifically evolved by the Dutch.

There are, of course, other crops, and considerable enterprise has been shown in growing them. For fifty years Trinidad prospered on cocoa until its trade was ruined by East African competition. Jamaica has substituted bananas for sugar as her main crop and last year did well; but the prospects of the industry have lately been clouded by the outbreak of a disease called leaf spot whose causes have not yet been fully ascertained. There has been development, too, in the growth of every sort of citrus fruit, but in this field the islands compete to some extent with one another in the English market and have also to face the growing competition of Cyprus and Palestine. Fortunately, the West Indians believe in their own fruits with an enthusiasm which a policy of scientific and agricultural development ought to find most helpful. Trinidad is already bringing into production a new variety of grape-fruit, large, pink-fleshed and very juicy, and Jamaica should be able to find the means of overcoming the mottled skins which spoil the appearance of her exceptionally sweet oranges.

In a land where nature does so much and where transport to the distant consuming markets must needs be costly, the grower is bound to seek to economise on his wages bill. This is where the slave tradition has so greatly hampered social progress. There was a time only a century ago

(*Continued on page 352*)

IN A WEST INDIAN MARKET: Nature is prolific of her gifts in these isles but, even so, the standard of living remains pitifully low and housing conditions are quite inadequate

ST. STEPHEN'S ANNIVERSARY IN BUDAPEST

Hungary Does Honour to the Memory of Her First Monarch

THE FRENCH AIR CHIEF'S VISIT TO BERLIN

An Important Factor in Stabilising Franco-German Relations

RECOVERED SYMBOL OF NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE: Baron Perenyi and Count Teleki, Keepers of the Regalia, removing the Holy Crown of St. Stephen, first King of Hungary, from the strong box in the marble hall of Budapest Royal Castle, where it has lain since the coronation of the late Emperor Charles in 1916. Now it has been brought out again and placed on public view to mark the 900th anniversary of St. Stephen's death, an occasion made notable by a series of celebrations which reached their climax on August 20, drawing Magyars from all parts of the country to their capital, and bringing several delegations from abroad. The crown is essentially a reminder that Hungary is a monarchy with a vacant throne, and that one day there is every likelihood that a king will be chosen

THE CHIEF OF THE FRENCH AIR STAFF FLIES TO GERMANY: General Vuillemin (second from right) pictured with his pilot, Major Rossi (third from right), the well-known Atlantic flyer, and Count von Voldeck (right), the German Ambassador in Paris, before setting out on his official visit to Berlin last week when he inspected aircraft establishments and met many of the Reich leaders

AN UNTER DEN LINDEN MEETING: General Vuillemin, Chief of the French Air Staff, and General Milch, State Secretary at the German Air Ministry, exchanging greetings after visiting the war memorial. During his stay General Vuillemin was received by Herr Hitler

LIFE IN CHINA'S CONQUERED CITIES

How Peiping, Tsingtao, Nanking and Other Centres are Faring Under Japanese Rule

By F. E. DEAN

JUST over a year ago, on August 8, 1937, Japanese troops took formal possession of Peiping. That was the culmination of a month's triumphal military progress through North China. In November General Matsui, commander of Japan's force on the Yangtse, announced that he was "master of Shanghai." Before Christmas, Nanking, capital of the Chinese Government, had fallen. Without a struggle, Tsingtao and the other cities of Shantung Province then dropped into the ready hands of Nippon's military leaders.

By the beginning of 1938, Japan controlled all the key cities of North China, the lower Yangtse, and the mainland coast from Hangchow Bay to Vladivostok.

Many of the captured cities echo already the tone of the conqueror. Peiping, for centuries the glory of China, is fast becoming a second Tokyo. Its Japanese population, about 2,000 before hostilities, now numbers over 12,000 and increases daily. A special police department has been organised to deal with the Japanese demand for houses. Japanese military trucks, private cars, and the three-wheeled, violet-hued delivery vans that make life wildly uncertain on the streets of Nippon's cities, now speed the pace of the once stately Manchu capital. Camel caravans, until recently a picturesque feature of Peiping's traffic, seldom enter the gates since the inauguration of the new regime.

On the principal business streets many Chinese shop fronts have given place to lath-and-paper sliding doors, behind which Japanese proprietors, cross-legged on the raised floor, await the arrival of customers. Above dozens of new beer halls, sukiyaki restaurants, and cabarets, floats the Rising Sun flag. Opium houses and other disreputable dens have multiplied since the Japanese-sponsored "Provisional Government" rescinded the Chinese law against drugs and promoted instead a money-raising tax of 20 cents per ounce sold.

Even the legation quarter is changing. The Wagon-Lits Hotel is now served not by white-gowned Chinese "boys" but by Japanese waitresses in gaily-coloured kimonos. Presently a restaurant providing only Japanese food is to be opened there. A cinema, a bank, and one of the largest foreign residences in the quarter have been bought and are being used by Japanese.

Last month a commercial airport was opened near the Summer Palace outside Peiping. All railways are being run by the Japanese, only one Chinese member remaining on the senior staff of the Peiping Railway Administration. The Peiping Water Company has inaugurated a scheme of water works that will take fifteen years to complete.

Yet in spite of all these indications that the Japanese mean to remain, Peiping is under constant threat from Chinese guerrillas, who have been carrying out raids within 10 miles of the city. The Japanese military authorities estimate that there are 250,000 armed irregulars in the three provinces of Hopei, Shantung, and Shansi, besides twenty-eight divisions of regular Chinese troops (the 8th Route Army) in Shansi. So serious do they consider the menace of guerrillas that they have launched an offensive against them in the triangle between Peiping, Tientsin, and Paotingfu.

In Tientsin and the cities of Shantung Province, Japanese control is felt most in its effect on trade. Foreign ships are denied use of the wharves in Tsingtao Harbour. The excuse is that these wharves must be kept clear for military transports, but Japanese merchant vessels have constant access to them. The railway from Tsingtao to Tsinan is used almost exclusively by the military. Civilians wishing to travel must get permits from the Japanese Consulate and have them endorsed by the Japanese military officers. The new currency issued by the Provisional Government is another obstacle to trade. Farmers are reluctant to accept it, because if found with it in their possession they are treated as traitors by Chinese guerrillas. Japanese products, notably sugar, oil and matches, flood the North China market. A British sugar firm has had to warn the public against imitations of its packets.

The Tsingtao cotton mills, burnt by departing Chinese soldiers, are to be rebuilt with 1,800,000 yen realised from the sale of scrap iron from the wrecked spindles and looms. About 17,000 Japanese have returned to the city, aided, says a report, by a compensation subsidy of 10,000,000 yen from the Japanese Government. Parks and highways are being kept in good condition, and the buses run by a Japanese company are cleaner and more efficient than the Chinese service which they supersede. To Tsingtao, as to other cities occupied by Japan, most of the wealthy Chinese former residents have not returned.

Hangchow, occupied last December, has to-day only half of its former population; but, whereas formerly there were only four Japanese residents, these now number 400. Amoy, three months ago a flourishing city on the south coast, was so severely bombed and shelled before its capture that it is only a shambles inhabited by the very poor who could not flee. Some 40,000 refugees are being fed in camps on the adjoining Kulangsu Island, which is a foreign concession. Changchow, a manufacturing centre, is now a city of mat-sheds, 80 per cent. of its buildings having been destroyed in air raids.

Nanking, the former Chinese capital, has suffered most both from the fury of the aggressor and the "scorched earth" policy of the fleeing Chinese army. What were once beautiful streets lined with handsome stone and brick buildings are to-day grass-grown roadways pitted with shell holes, and bordered with booths hastily built of a motley of materials from the destroyed houses. In the great shopping district near South Gate few shops are open, and these few display only the meanest and most necessary articles. The rolls of rich brocades, the great jars of tea, the shelves of gleaming brass and silver have all disappeared. So have prosperous merchants and sleek Government officials and clerks. Of the 2,000 motor cars that traversed the streets a year ago, scarcely a score remain. More than half of the 1,000,000 inhabitants have fled. The police force, formerly numbering 6,000, has dwindled to 500. Japanese sentries are in every street, halting and searching the remaining inhabitants. The universities are empty of their thousands of students, who have removed their libraries and their laboratories farther inland. The Japanese-sponsored municipal administration, however, has announced that Nanking is to be rebuilt.

In Shanghai many complications have resulted from the Japanese occupation of parts of the International Settlement as well as the territories formerly under Chinese jurisdiction. Of international concern is Japan's apparent determination to deflect trade from the International Settlement to the Japanese-controlled areas at Woosung, where the Whangpoo River joins the Yangtse near the sea. Under plea of military necessity, the Japanese have refused to allow the Whangpoo River, which serves the Settlement, to be dredged. Extensive dredging proceeds, however, alongside Japanese-owned property both old and new.

HANDS ACROSS THE TASMAN: Chieftainess Nepe Aptu, of the Maori choir which recently visited Australia, chatting with young Terry Matheson, a Sydney boy. Terry looked far from friendly, but maybe he was worrying about those tattoo marks

OLD SOLDIERS FORGATHER IN TORONTO: Prime Minister Mackenzie King talking through the microphone to the gathering of 50,000 Canadian ex-servicemen who assembled from all parts of the Dominion for their annual rally this month

SINGAPORE'S NEW WHARF EXTENSION is now complete, and to mark the occasion Sir Shenton Thomas, Governor of the Straits Settlements, laid the final coping stone

Pictures From the Empire

NIPPON'S WOMEN IN WARTIME: Japanese Life Slows Down

CROSSING THE GINZA

Japanese business girls, some in traditional dress and some in western costume, pictured in Tokyo's busiest main street when on the way to their offices. With so many able-bodied men in the Chinese fighting line, women are playing a big part in keeping industry going and are helping in the hospitals

TOKYO HAS LOST ITS GAIETY . . .

But the kimono still lends a splash of colour to the streets. Everyone in the capital is a worker these days, helping in hospitals, offices, and factories, and the Ginza's night life is a thing of the past. Most of the dance places are closed by police order

WITH WISTFUL LONGING the Japanese mother gazes into the shop window, but she cannot expect to buy much in the way of finery, for those earning as little as £60 a year are taxed up to the hilt. Even food is short, and the people are learning what general discomfort a war can bring even to the non-combatants

NEARING THE END: A three-horse reaping machine in a Kentish wheatfield near Rochester, where the harvest has exceeded all expectations, as it has, indeed, in nearly every country in the world. The world wheat output for 1938 is estimated at 4,020 million bushels, or some 30 million bushels more than in 1928, the last record year. Britain's share of this vast production is, of course, infinitesimal

LOADING THE WAIN: Pitchers throwing sheaves into the waggon in a Sussex cornfield, while threatening clouds overhead proclaim that time is short if the crop is to be got to the rick before the rain

On right—COLLECTING THE FIRST ENGLISH PLUMS on an Essex fruit farm where crops have been of only moderate size and quality this season, due to the weather's vagaries in early summer

HARVEST TIME IN RURAL ENGLAND: *Gathering the First Fruits of Farm and Market Garden*

THE SPECIALIST: It is the task of this veteran worker to keep the threshing machine clear of waste during the green pea harvest on a Lincolnshire farm, where about fifty men have been engaged in gathering the crop for dispatch to a local vegetable cannery. Peas are much more difficult to harvest than corn, but fetch a deal more money in the market. There is also less danger of a glut and a sudden fall in price levels

CUTTING THE HEADLAND: The scythe, though seldom used for reaping whole fields except in the remoter parts of the provinces, still has to be employed to make a preliminary clearing so that the reaping machine and the horses have space in which to manœuvre

1938 Provides a Bumper Corn Crop

* * *

But a Moderate Year for Fruit

GATHERING APRICOTS from the front wall of a cottage in High Street, Aynho, near Banbury, Oxfordshire. Apricots ripen early and are a summer rather than an autumn fruit

IN EVER NARROWING CIRCLES GOES THE REAPING MACHINE and when at last but one journey remains to be made the farmer's daughter enjoys that promised ride. Hares and rabbits, fearful of the oncoming machine, make hurried exits as the end draws near, providing excellent sport for the guns and the farm dogs

On right—
OATS WERE EARLIER THAN USUAL THIS YEAR, and by the end of July they were already in stook on some farms. By all accounts, the crop is much above average, plentiful rain having fallen just at the right time

RECKLESS DARING *in the* ALPS

Amateur Climbers who Pay the Penalty of Scorning Guides and Taking Undue Risks

MOUNTAIN CRAFT: The good climber, in common with the good seaman, must understand knots and how to tie them properly, for the rope is literally his life-line

THE mountaineering season is once more in full swing. Every week a horde of climbers invade the mountains, and fatalities are reported from the Alpine centres with monotonous regularity.

A mountaineering craze is sweeping Europe. The Matterhorn, that 14,780-ft. giant, first conquered in 1865 by Edward Whymper's party (four of whom died on the descent when the rope broke), to-day *suffers defeat at the hands of 700 climbers each week during August.* The background of tragedy undoubtedly draws many of them towards those towering precipices. A large proportion of those who accept the challenge are expert mountaineers, but many are "tourist climbers" possessed of little Alpine craft, who are literally hauled up the peak by sweating guides. These men earn their £6 fee for such ascents.

Only a few days ago (August 15) the bodies of three German tourists, Fleck, Greiss and Giepel, were recovered from the Zmutt Glacier after the men had fallen 2,000 ft. from the Matterhorn. One of the party must have slipped. The jolt on the rope linking them dragged his companions from their insecure hand-holds.

Some time ago an Italian lone climber fell 4,000 ft. from the same peak when a gust of wind tore him from the Zmutt Ridge.

With the tourist climbers scaling ridges once considered "severe," the experts are looking farther afield for fresh climbs. With a few exceptions, only faces of the mountains remain to be conquered. Such an example is the north face of the Matterhorn, only once surmounted, which will either claim fresh victims or be conquered again this month, for a friend of mine is awaiting the telegram from Zermatt which will tell him that the north face is "black," snow free, and therefore in a fit condition for the attempt to be made.

The present urge to climb what have hitherto been considered "unclimbable" faces is responsible for the conquest of the Eiger north wall this month. This is certainly the premier event of this season. During the last few years this face has claimed twelve victims; at one time six bodies could be seen festooning the mountain; after three years two bodies are still to be recovered from the 10,000-ft. level where they can be seen. And I understand that a second attempt is to be made on this face this month.

Rudolf Kaufmann, renowned Grindelwald guide, once told me while we stood atop this peak, that the north face would never be climbed. He was wrong: but it will never be climbed in anything but the finest weather. The climbers cannot be sure that the weather will remain fine for the five days it takes to force a way up the wall: if it breaks, the expedition will perish.

A new mountain craft has come into being through the adoption of face climbing; "piton climbing," the hammering of nails into the rock face where ledges are non-existent.

With these methods becoming increasingly popular, the death toll in the high Alps is sure to increase considerably. Already, the figure averages 200 dead and missing per annum. (Only this month, the body of Pastor Schneider, of Lausanne, was recovered from the Zanfleuron glacier, Diablerets, in which it had remained for twenty-one years. He was reported as "missing" in this district after a lone climb.)

Fortunately, the British mountaineer has not taken kindly to what he terms "mechanical" means of climbing. I believe I am correct in saying that only three times have pitons been used in the British Isles; and on one occasion they were introduced by a party of Germans. In fact, the German climber, imbued with the spirit of gaining high distinction among the world of mountaineers in the name of the Fatherland, is the main offender.

Such an example is that of the two young Germans who were rescued from the 6,000-ft. precipice of the Watzmann during the depths of a Bavarian winter by forty-five soldiers acting on the Führer's instructions!

It is not only among those who attempt freak climbs that the deaths occur. Where the expert perishes on account of his daring, or lack of fear, the tourist climber dies through sheer lack of mountain craft. One couple fell 1,800 ft. in the Chamonix district while climbing an ice-clad rock "pitch." The leader is thought to have slipped and dragged his companion after him. Both were newcomers to the mountains, neither had any previous experience, yet both refused the services of a guide. One body was carried to the nearest hut strapped to a ski; the second made the journey in a sack.

The pity of such cases is that the fatalities could have been avoided by the adoption of a little common sense, or by following the expert advice of local guides. Yet there are too few tourist climbers who will take heed of this invaluable local advice. It is notoriously easy to be wise after an event, and the newcomer to the mountains only finds out his mistake when it is often too late.

Seven climbers perished in two days last month. Four died during the first two weeks of this month. And the next fortnight will see several more similar reports of fatalities in the high Alps, where the weather is always fickle, and where sun, wind, and blizzard can make the snow in a dangerous condition. Even a shadow cast over a safe snowfield by the sun dipping behind a peak will turn it into a hazardous adventure to cross.

It must not be thought that accidents only happen in the Alps. They are certainly more common there, for the simple reason that thousands of climbers visit Switzerland every year. But our own mountains have their climbers and guides. On the night of August 16 a party of expert climbers and a doctor raced through fog and rain to an injured climber lying on a ledge of Carnedd Llewellyn, near Snowdon.

This is only one example of the many accidents and fatalities that take place among the British mountains summer and winter.

Frank Illingworth

STEP BY STEP: The leader of a climbing party cutting his way up a precipitous face with the aid of an ice axe. It is slow and exhausting work

On right—
PERFECT FITTING CRAMPONS, which will bite deep into the ice, are another essential item in the wise mountaineer's equipment

A TIGER TAKES ITS OWN PHOTOGRAPH

A Picture From the Madras Jungle

THIS remarkable picture, taken by flashlight at night with the help of a trip-wire attached to the camera shutter, has been sent to us by Mr. Claude Wilson, V.D., I.F.S., Conservator of Forests, Chepauk, Madras, who has also sent the following interesting details relating to the feat :—

"The tiger killed late one night, dragged its kill a mile or more through the jungle, and then ate a small portion of it," writes Mr. Wilson. "I found the signs of the kill early in the morning, followed the drag, and arranged the camera on the assumption that the tiger would return by the same path along which its tracks showed that it had departed.

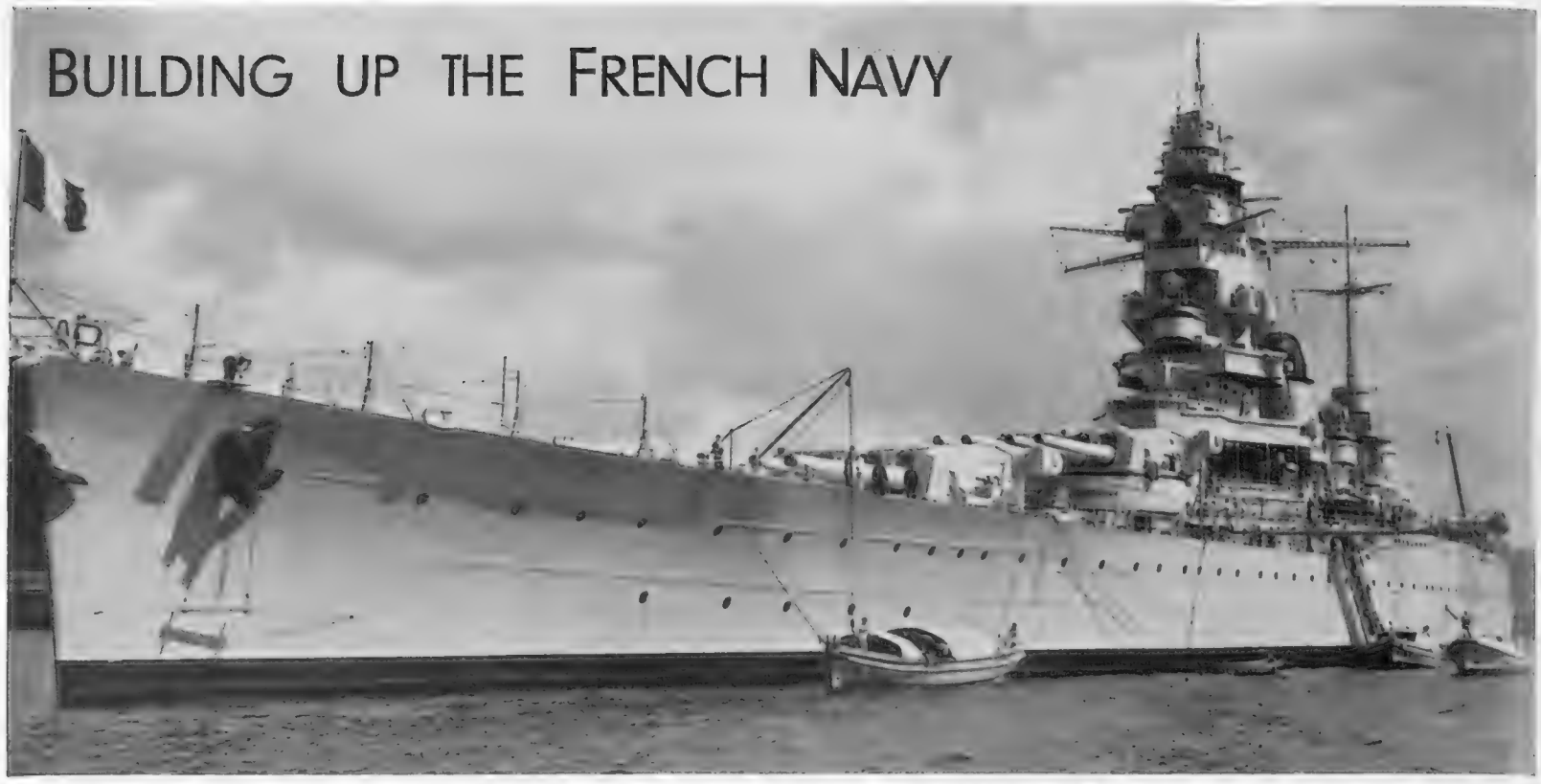
"As things turned out, the tiger did not follow its original tracks, but came back in a direct line from where it had been lying up. The trip-wire, however, had been taken round a tree and attached to the horn of the kill, so that when tugging at the meat, the tiger photographed itself. It has obviously, from the position of its ears, heard the click of the camera shutter, which was timed to open a minute fraction of a second before the flash.

"The tiger was annoyed at the publicity forced upon it and dragged the kill nearly 3 miles farther. After about half a mile it stopped and bit off the feet, leaving them neatly heaped together; then after another few hundred yards it stopped again, and gralloched the carcase as cleanly as any butcher could have done, leaving the stomach and entrails together. It then went on to a jungle stream, beside which was an open space covered with long green grass, and here it settled down and ate every scrap of its kill except the horns and the skull. Nothing else was left."

THE NIGHT MARAUDER: As the tiger stepped upon the carefully-laid trip-wire, the camera shutter clicked, and this was the remarkable picture that resulted. The shutter was timed to open a split second in advance of the flash

On right
A QUEER CUSTOMER: The prairie dog, a type of marmot found on the plains of North America, is a most unusual-looking creature with his shallow cheek pouches, rounded head, and short ears and tail. He is extremely gregarious, and the species may be found in vast burrows often extending many miles

BUILDING UP THE FRENCH NAVY



PRIDE OF THE FRENCH FLEET: The battleship *Dunkerque* may be regarded as one of the most remarkable capital ships afloat. She has a speed of over 30 knots and 10,000 tons of her 26,500 tons displacement are devoted to protective armour

A SUCCESSFUL TYPE: The *Henri Poincaré*, which was completed at Lorient in 1929, belongs to the large Redoubtable class of French submarines, consisting of no fewer than thirty craft. They all have a wide radius of action

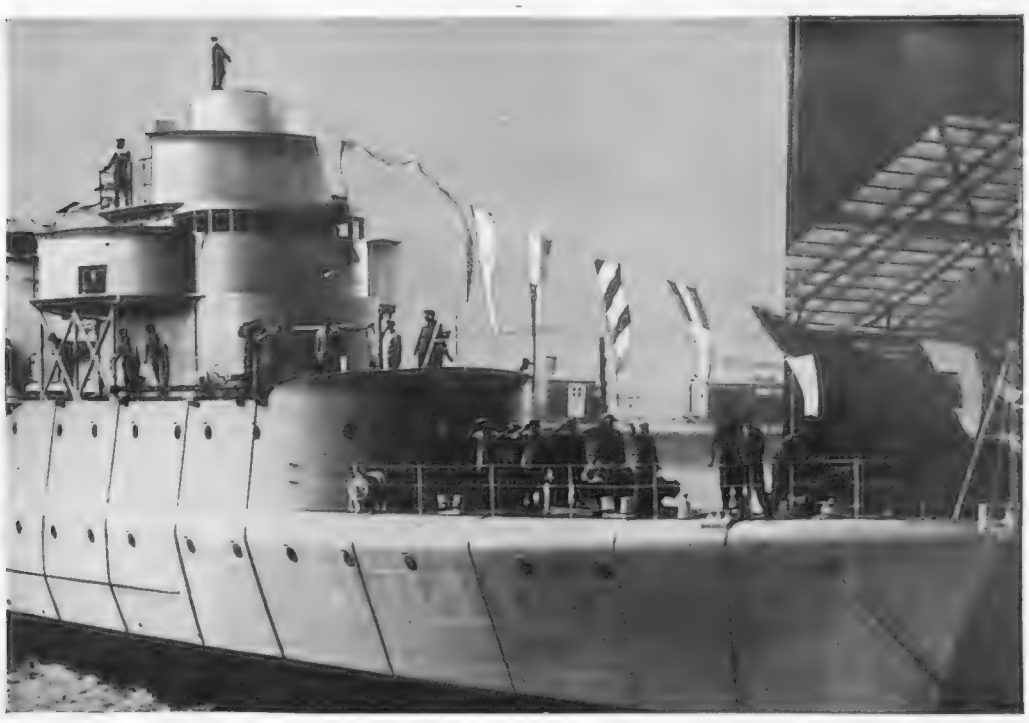
THE French Navy is making every effort to build up to the strength which is reckoned to be necessary to counter the new German fleet, but although the designs are excellent and the French fleet can no longer be described as the "Service of Samples" as it was when there was a new Minister of Marine with every government, its efforts are very badly handicapped by slow construction, every ship being many months late in commissioning. This is, of course, a very serious disadvantage from the viewpoint of tactics and training, and is causing particular concern in France because both German and Italian builders are able to accelerate their construction to a remarkable degree.

The 26,500-ton battle-cruiser *Dunkerque* is, until she is joined by her improved sister the *Strasbourg*, the crack ship in the French Navy. Her main armament of eight 13-in. guns is massed forward after the fashion of H.M.S. *Nelson* and she steamed at well over 30 knots on trial, but her most remarkable feature is her armour protection, over 10,000 tons out of the 26,500 tons displacement being devoted to protection. There are many French sailors who would have preferred more ships of the *Dunkerque* type to the 35,000-ton ships now being built.

Under this year's programme the French Navy is to build 20,000-ton aircraft-carriers, but until now they have not been at all enthusiastic on this type, preferring land stations for their naval planes. Their only true aircraft-carrier is the *Béarn*, which was laid down just before the war as a battleship, had her construction suspended during the war and was launched after the armistice. Later she was redesigned as an aircraft-carrier and was finally commissioned in 1927, having been over thirteen years under construction.

Contrary to her pre-war practice of having a large number of experimental submarines, France has latterly built in very large classes. The *Henri Poincaré* has no less than twenty-nine sisters, built under successive programmes from 1924 until 1930, and they are most successful vessels which have proved themselves capable of going anywhere in the world.

Frank C. Bowen



A TRAINING SHIP FOR PETTY OFFICER PILOTS: This is to be the peacetime function of the 630-ton *Elan*, seen here after her recent launching at Lorient. In war-time she would be used for mine-sweeping and patrol work in common with her sister-ships, nine of which are being built under the 1937 programme

AN OLD STAGER: The French aircraft-carrier *Béarn*, which was laid down in 1914 as a battleship and has since been redesigned and equipped with a flight deck and hangars

NEW YORK'S PLAY STREETS

Roads Where Traffic is Barred and the City's Youth Indulges in Volley Ball, Snatch Club, Table Tennis, and Other Games

SNATCH CLUB, in which the competitors have to dash into a chalked circle and capture an Indian club without being touched by an opponent, is a favourite organised game played in the streets of New York, 500 of which are closed to traffic for this purpose. *Below*—A game of volley ball

PLAYGROUND OF THE PEOPLE: One of the streets which have been closed to traffic in New York and, through the efforts of an organisation founded in 1931 and known as the Police Athletic League, have been opened up as games centres for boys and girls between the ages of 8 and 21. Specially appointed instructors run the various games, and the whole purpose of the scheme is to keep children from traffic dangers and at the same time create at an early age a friendly link between the police and the city's youth. Volley ball and a modified form of baseball are particularly popular among the boys, while the girls are especially keen on snatch club and table tennis

On left—
BASEBALL WITH A DIFFERENCE: A picture showing how America's national game (rounders to the Englishman) has been modified for street play. The striker uses his arm as a bat, the "diamond" is a square, and the ball is about half the size of that used in soccer, being packed in such a way that it does not travel any great distance. In New York City's five boroughs, 500 streets are scheduled as play streets, and 100 of these are devoted to supervised play. The idea is already spreading to London in rather less ambitious form

OCHRIDA: A REMOTE BALKAN LA

A Beauty Spot and Angler's Paradise Far Removed from the Tourist Tra

UNCHANGING IN A WORLD OF CHANGE: Medieval engravings and mural paintings in the local houses and monasteries reveal that this same type of boat has been used for centuries by the fishermen of Lake Ochrida, that little known stretch of water lying half in Albania, half in Yugoslavia, and only a short distance from the northern frontier of Greece. Three rowers sit upon the high poop, their oars all on the port side, while the steersman maintains a straight course by having his control paddle lashed to starboard. *Above on left* — Looking across Ochrida's waters over one of the picturesque, tiled roof-tops of the fishing village of Kaneo

On left—
HARVEST OF THE LAKE: An aged Ochrida fisherman holding up in his right hand two local varieties of perch and in his left a choice trout. Few European anglers know of the wonderful resources of this Balkan lake lying so remote from the beaten tourist track and the railway

DEDICATED TO THE PATRON SAINT OF FISHERMEN: St. Peter's Monastery—a building in the old Byzantine style—rises on a rocky ledge above the shores of Lake Ochrida

A DARK-EYED SLAVONI
Sunday dress—a
gold, and adorned
are oftentimes fami

LAKE OF RARE CHARM

Track on the Borders of Albania and Yugoslavia

VONIC BEAUTY: This handsome girl of Ochrida is clad in her —a gown of deep purple velvet elaborately embroidered in rned at the waist with a contrasting white sash. Such dresses family heirlooms, being handed down from mother to daughter

WHEN EVENING COMES the fishermen of Ochrida return with their catches, beach their quaint, high-pooped craft, and hang the nets to dry from the trees that line the foreshore. As the pictures on these pages show, the lake lies in a setting of natural and quite unspoilt beauty and, being nearly thirty miles from the nearest railway station, is only visited by the more adventurously inclined. During the past 100 years it has been noted that the lake has risen steadily, many parts that were once dry being now entirely covered by the water

On right—

A THRILLING DROP: The young men of Kaneo, the little village on the shores of Ochrida, are expert swimmers and one of their great delights in high summer is to dive or jump down into the cool, crystal waters from the summit of the monastery rock

LINCOLN'S CATHEDRAL IN DANGER

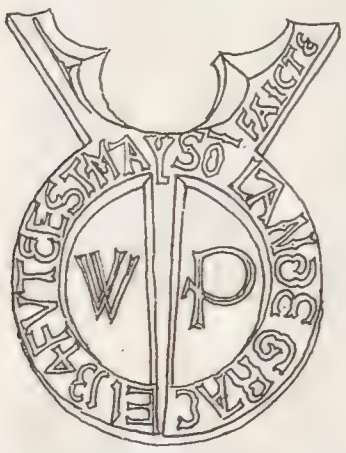
The Beauty of Laughton Place: A 500-Year-Old Sussex Cottage Converted

Drawn by Dennis Flanders

On left—GLORY OF EAST ANGLIA: Looking over the cottages near the Close to Lincoln Cathedral, which in its chequered history has been devastated by fire and earthquake and is now threatened with collapse in some portions of the structure, funds being urgently needed to put things in order. Writing of this masterpiece Ruskin, the great critic, declared: "I have always held and am prepared against all comers to maintain that the Cathedral of Lincoln is out and out the most precious piece of architecture in the British Isles and, roughly speaking, worth any two other cathedrals we have got"

THE tall tower of Tudor brickwork, surrounded by the building of a late-eighteenth-century house, which is all that is left of Laughton Place, stands within a broad moat, midway between Lewes and Hailsham. The tower, with a fine group of neighbouring trees, is a conspicuous landmark in the levels between the weald and the downs, and it is strange that what for centuries has been a noble house is now neglected and forsaken, as witness Hugh Verrall's water-colour of it which is reproduced on the right and shows it in its present state.

The manor of Laughton was leased in 1401 by Maud Countess of Oxford to John Pelham, knighted in 1399, the year of the siege of Pevensey Castle, of which Pelham was constable, and from which his wife Joan wrote a famous letter to him during the siege. This was the beginning of the residence here of this well-known Sussex family whose history is identified in so many ways with the county, and whose present representatives are the Earl and Countess of Chichester. Apart from its beauty as a landmark and its importance as the cradle of the Sussex Pelhams, the house is architecturally interesting from the use of terra-cotta as a decorative material, as in the well-known Sutton Place, near Guildford. Here it takes the form of a graceful banding near the summit of the tower carried on miniature arches of cinqfoil cusping. The windows, too, are adorned with beautiful arabesques in the mouldings of the jambs and mullions, and besides this there is an elaborate version of the famous Pelham badge—the buckle.



THE BUCKLE, EMBLEM of the PELHAMS

The story goes that a John Pelham took prisoner King John of France at the Battle of Poitiers in 1356, and that the King gave him the buckle of his sword-belt. It is more likely, however, that the badge relates to the privilege given by Henry IV to Sir John Pelham of carrying the King's sword before him. Its antiquity dates at least as far back as 1408, and numerous Sussex churches witness to the popularity of the emblem.

A CONSPICUOUS LANDMARK BETWEEN WEALD AND DOWNS: A water-colour by Hugh Verrall showing the tall Tudor tower rising above the eighteenth-century house at Laughton Place, Sussex, the ancestral seat of the Pelhams. The property is now sadly neglected, but considering its architectural interest, is undoubtedly worthy of preservation. Mr. Verrall's work, examples of which "Sphere" readers have seen in a previous issue, is suited admirably to an architectural subject such as this. He paints largely in sepia and black, giving a strong impression of solidity and yet revealing at the same time a fine freedom of brushwork

A TRIUMPH OF SKILFUL CONVERSION: The Old Cottage at Ripe, East Sussex, provides an interesting example of the way in which a Tudor dwelling can be converted into a modern residence without losing any of its characteristics, as witness this drawing made by Hugh Verrall since the completion of the alterations

Also of much interest is The Old Cottage at Ripe, East Sussex, which Hugh Verrall has painted since its conversion. The place is at least 500 years old, and has been made into a modern residence for its present owner, Captain Charles Verner, who has had the work done with such notable skill that the cottage has lost none of its old-time character.

Principal among the alterations has been the enlarging of the lounge by the inclusion of the old wash-house at the rear, a task which meant the raising of the roof that sloped down almost to the ground.

From the lane-loitering caravan of the gipsy to the motor-trailer of today—another revolutionary advance due to Dunlop; typical of the changes innumerable brought about by the invention of the pneumatic tyre by Dunlop in 1888.

1888 DUNLOP

C.F.H.

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT S.P., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD. ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

IN SIBERIA ONE DRINKS KOUMISS . . .★

. . . WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

★ Koumiss is a fermented drink which starts life as mare's milk, and ends it as something much less innocent. It's famous from Golchikha to the Gobi desert; but sensible Siberians give it the Go-bi when a sleigh-full of Schweppes arrives.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

IMPRISONED IN TEAR GAS: The Mayor of Woolwich, Councillor P. H. Rance, watching masked volunteers in a gas-filled chamber at Eltham A.R.P. centre. The men afterwards entered the chamber for a brief moment without wearing respirators, and (*on right*) we see them crying it off

The Story of A.R.P.—II.

GAS MASKS and the LONDONER

Is He Being Rather Half-hearted About Air-Raid Precautions?

By INGLIS SHELDON-WILLIAMS

NOT since gunpowder abolished steel protective clothing has the Guild of Heraldry and the *bonnetier* had such a chance.

"Excuse me, I took you for someone else."

Of course. Everyone will be mistaking everyone for someone else unless fashion gets to work on distinctive designs in Ladies' and Gents' Gas-wear.

"Now tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen . . ."

"O, er—his plume it was scarlet and blue . . .
And his crest was a branch of the yew . . ."

That sort of thing. Otherwise there will be endless complications.

Civilian masks will be issued in neat cartons like tourist agencies serve out free lunches. Perishable; very. An opening here for a chic sponge-bag combination of handbag and mask-case. Otherwise impossible to carry both when shopping, and one can guess which would be left at home.

We wardens have to think of all these things or we shan't be able to answer questions when we go round fitting gas masks on people in our sectors. You pack them in a suit-case with a bottle of disinfectant and some clean rags. Then you knock at the door.

"Pardon me, could I trouble you for the loan of a small pudding basin?"

This is to disarm at once the suspicion that you propose trying on the masks without washing them first with a solution—one egg-cup full of Izal to 1½ gallons of water; 1½ gallons is twelve reputed beer bottles or pints.

Be careful during ablutions that no water gets into the container. The container is that round snout at the end; the thing that the man said improved his wife's appearance when the raiders passed over his allotments and shelled his peas.

In addition to the now approved all-bag for babies and the three sizes for children and adults, the authorities have tested and pronounced satisfactory an intermediate mask for children from two to four years. The official verdict of the wearers will be heard later, but tears under C.A.P. test will not necessarily signify disapproval.

Among other different things the warden's civilian duty mask has a lump on the left cheek, to which if he wants to telephone he can attach a microphone if he happens to have one by him. If not, he cuts off the lump and hears quite plainly as long as the gas comes in. But he'll know no gas is coming in if he stuffs up the hole again till he can't hear what the man is saying at the other end. This arrangement is to discourage him from indulging in long chats over the phone. But there will be no objection to his whistling about his work if he can do so with his mask on. He is specially provided with a whistle.

A few genteel persons still call gas masks *respirators*. It doesn't matter. A gas mask by any other name smells the same. Keep it in a cool, dry, dark place, and call it anything you like except a handy receptacle for odds and ends.

That is, if masks are ever served out. We don't know. They may "dry-rot at ease till the Judgment Day." Or perhaps not. When we take out a life or fire insurance policy we don't expect to die to-morrow or to see the house go up in smoke next week. That would be taking a mean advantage of the insurance companies. But nobody calls us panic-stricken scaremongers for taking precautions against what is always possible.

And that, exactly, is A.R.P.

Besides being a lot more. So never mind the funny things about it in its infancy. Help it to grow up. For it has *come to stay*.

No insurance can banish death or fire.

A perfected system of air-raid precautions can banish the raider. Which will be going a long way towards *insuring peace*. Compared with some districts, the most important and the most vulnerable—which is London—is rather half-hearted about all this. Perhaps because the immensity of the problem for London is daunting to the Londoner. But halfway measures are a mere waste of energy. If we don't do the job thoroughly we might as well put our heads in that sand we got in for smothering incendiary bombs. I've met one or two ostriches already. The old attitude we remember in the war. "I'll wait till I'm fetched." Good fellows, mind you. Trying to shirk nothing. Waiting to be convinced. Waiting for a lead.

But surely that won't do at all. In the war, the eleventh-hour recruit was prepared *in the background* and drafted off in batches to replace wastage at the front. He was not sent off in a raw state to cumber operations there. We know that in these air-raiding days we civilians live at the front.

If a sudden crisis came in twenty-four hours, A.R.P. volunteers would descend upon the Home Office in their hundreds of thousands.

And they would be an infernal nuisance.

"Only tell me what to do and I'll do it."

Just imagine it!

Now is the only time to learn a little of what to do.

In the event of a crisis there must be either planned or panic evacuation. And very much preferably the former. Details of the stupendous undertaking are now being wrestled with. Two women—or men—shall be grinding at the London mill; the one shall be taken and the other left. In Paris the same. Paris is prepared to evacuate half her population; London, 3,500,000. In seventy-two hours.

One can realise some of the problems pointed out in the report that the Committee under Sir John Anderson has presented to the House of Commons; the possible splitting up of homes; the children; should men at work more than ten minutes away try to get back home in the event of a raid or carry on in the factory or other place of business, leaving their families to the care of local organisations—a point that probably accounts for the comparative dearth of volunteer workers in the City itself? Again, should children be evacuated with their mothers, or with schoolmasters or mistresses to emergency school camps? In Barcelona, where any wholesale evacuation of the civil population has not been found practicable, children are considered to be safer in schools with adequate refuges than at home or playing about the streets. Here, if adequate trench protection is feasible, should mothers and children remain in the cities? Should the choice be optional?

So far, billeting in houses outside the cities is deemed preferable by the Home Office to innumerable emergency camps established about the country. Probably both systems would be adopted according to circumstances. To ascertain to what class of country home different groups from city populations could best be allotted without detriment to amenities is a complicated task. And the question of maintenance emerges. The whole subject has necessitated the establishment of a new department in the A.R.P. office under Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, with a permanent staff of officials drawn from other Government offices in Whitehall.

Casually discussed here and there by us holiday-makers, the thing is a live issue that will not wait, but will be the preoccupation of Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Lloyd throughout the Parliamentary recess. In a little while—and in a very literal sense—it will be coming "home" to us all. Quite exciting. We shall soon habituate our minds to what has long ceased to be an abstract hypothesis. Action on the lines recommended by the report will be taken at once, and a statement of preliminary work achieved will be presented to Parliament at the end of the summer recess.

As for the actual transport that wholesale civil evacuation within a few hours would entail, exigencies of military transport would come first, but the A.R.P. Department has been negotiating for some time with other authorities with the object of simultaneously regulating an unprecedented exodus of civilians from the danger areas with the even flow of military traffic; an exodus not from London alone but from the minor danger zones throughout the country, and where local authorities would doubtless have their part to play.

Some of these places are showing up the Londoner's comparative lethargy. And tucked away in the hills miles and miles out of probable harm's way, the hamlet of Upton Snoring has filed a complete air-raid defence and the squire—retired colonel—has thrown up a model trench system in the 3-acre paddock. Committee meetings in the rectory drawing-room, and do stop to tea, are laudably incessant. Yet, so oddly capricious the enthusiasm, that factory settlement with a couple of kilns glowing like beacons the livelong night, lying right in the track of likely homing raiders dumping high explosive ballast, drowses cheerily inert. Again, turning to Under Wallop, we find a first burst of zeal tailing off. And now holidays and the hot weather help.

All natural enough, but it won't do. We must get on with the job.

If it had not been said before, I would say that "space forbids" my dwelling with an emotion midway between apprehension and a giggle on the picture conjured up of a quiet country parish descended upon by hordes of evacuated townsfolk. The impact of city-bred youngsters on their rustic fellows. And vice versa. Patrolled market gardens and orchards. Your rustic knows *that* game. "When we wants 'em we has 'em," as one said to me once in my own orchard.

But there is a brighter social side. Such invasion would inevitably sweep up into a united phalanx of mutual defence those little local rivalries so prone to lurk beneath our quiet Arcadian scenes. Those trivial heartburnings for which there is no time in town. . . .

Is that comedy or pathos? Either way, its littleness parodies a whole nation's grander truth we proved before and will stand equipped to prove again—that if disunion, if it must be so, still spells the war of peace, unity is peace in war.

INSURING AGAINST DETERIORATION: A girl sealing a tin containing gas-mask components before storing it away at a depot in Kent where 3,000,000 respirators are now ready for use. The tins contain a hundred per cent. nitrogen which will serve to prevent the rubber perishing

THIS CONCRETE AGE: A

Building Construction in 1938 as Exemplified By the New Air

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY WAY: Typical of this age of steel and concrete is the new Berkeley-square House now nearing completion in Mayfair and shortly to be occupied by the Air Ministry, which, owing to its continuously expanding staff, finds its present accommodation in Kingsway inadequate. Here we see a corner section of the building as it rises skywards, and other pictures on these pages show in detail the mode of constructing the floors and main columns, starting with the assembly of the steel rods and then depicting the manner in which they are embedded in concrete

THE BACKBONE TAKES SHAPE: Men engaged in assembling the steel framework which will later be surrounded by concrete mixture to form one of the columns shown in the picture *above on left*. The framework consists of eight steel bars $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. thick, linked together with $\frac{1}{4}$-in. steel ties to form a completely stable unit

TO BE BURIED IN CONCRETE FOR A CENTURY OR MORE: $1\frac{1}{8}$-in. vertical steel rods awaiting encasement to form the walls of the new Air Ministry building in Mayfair. They link up with horizontal bars above and below, and, even before the concrete is poured, stand perfectly rigid

WHEN LAYING A FLOOR a temporary wooden platform is first erected and on this are placed a series of hollow bricks, the rows being kept some inches apart. Before concrete is laid over them they are cleaned with air pumps and water spray

GIANT RISES SKYWARDS

Ministry Headquarters Now Nearing Completion in Mayfair

THE MOULD ARRIVES: The steel framework of one of the columns is now complete, so with the aid of a crane a square outer casing is lowered over it in 5-ft. sections at a time. Into this casing the concrete will later be poured, and when set there will emerge a reinforced column of great strength

STICKY WORK: Pouring the concrete mixture into the casing so that it may set round the steel bars and form a column. *Below*—SORTING OUT STEEL TIE RODS AND STIRRUPS for use in linking up the larger rods which run from top to bottom of every column and through the floors of the building

THE FLOOR IS LINKED TO THE WALLS by means of horizontal rods which stretch between the rows of hollow bricks and are attached to the bricks by steel stirrups. *On right* — Pouring the concrete mixture into its bed

Special SPHERE *pictures by William Davis*

TWEEDS ARE NEWS

London Designers Show Pleats, Tunic Silhouettes, Bright Woollens, and Jet Hats for the Autumn

If your hat is not winged this autumn then you will never reach fashion heights, for almost every new model is trimmed with little pointed feathers. Handbags are chunky and capacious, and there is a tendency towards long, rigid handles

Pleats are the big news of the autumn Collections. Knife, box, crystal, sunray—every sort of pleat is used, with rayed gores as an alternative. Just a few skirts are only slightly flared, but the majority of them swing bravely from the hips and have to be worn with an air

PLEATED skirts, fitted closely to accentuate the curve of the hips, were shown when the London Dress Designers, who are members of the Fashion Group of Great Britain, inaugurated their advance autumn Collections. They swing grandly, and are balanced by wide shoulders and very small waists.

Rahvis used soft angora with a shepherd's plaid in grey and white for the suit immediately on the right. The huge carnations, the tie silk gloves, and the narrow belt are petunia-coloured.

The second girl wears Guy Oliver's plum and blue plaid tweed suit with two wide central box pleats. The short jacket is tied with reef knots to match the plum-coloured topcoat, which hangs straight, is flared at the back, and is liberally pocketed. The plum felt hat has a blue quill, and the plum suede bag hat navy initials.

The two other bags which are sketched were made by Bembaron. The first is of black suede with a black patent trim and a bow along the top. And the second is of Havana brown calf, with two detachable straps. A short one, and, alternatively, a long one to sling the bag over the shoulder.

Lachasse produced one of the most striking suits, in burnt yellow and black-striped tweed, with a top jacket in black trimmed with yellow. It was worn with a black silk shirt and a small black topper.

Tinling provided a touch of excitement with his black velvet cocktail suit, drawn above, the bolero and corsage embroidered with jet, with ostrich boa swirling at the hem and accenting the shoulders.

But the nicest moment of the show was when Aage Thaarup plucked from the trees growing in the garden his newest and most wicked hats. His almost flat sailor, bird trimmed, and made entirely of jet, is shown in the centre at the head of this page, and for the autumn, instead of flowing veils he is tying tulle closely over the face. His other loves are jet hatpins, jet embroidery, and lots of black velvet.

The DUKE *and* DUCHESS *of* GLOUCESTER LEAVE *for* KENYA

OFF FOR A WELL-EARNED REST: The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester posing for a picture at York House just before going to Hendon where they took off by plane on the first stage of their journey to Kenya. At Marseilles they boarded a liner bound for Egypt, and from Cairo continued southwards by Imperial Airways. While in East Africa the Duke hopes to do some big game shooting, and the Duchess will doubtless find time to produce some more of those delightful Kenya sketches at which she is so adept

On left—
GOING HOME TO WED: Miss Kazuko Yoshida, younger daughter of the Japanese Ambassador in London, has just revealed that she has been secretly engaged for six months. She is now on her way to Tokyo for her marriage

On right—
THIS IS "MISS JAMAICA," in private life Miss Winifred S. Casserly, who, as a result of winning a beauty competition, has come over to represent her island at the Glasgow Exhibition

A PANTOMIME IN AUGUST: Frances Day is the charming leading lady in *The Fleet's Lit Up*, the Hippodrome's lively new show which, but for the fact that it lacks a principal boy, has all the ingredients of Christmas entertainment. The fantastic story concerns the kidnapping of certain members of His Majesty's Navy by a woman dictator, who sails away down the Thames in the cabaret ship *Seahorse* to her distant island domain. It is a dazzling and elaborate show and, it seems, nothing that could have added colour and excitement is omitted

HOLLYWOOD TOUCH: *The Fleet's Lit Up* has some first-rate crowd scenes, as witness the pirates *(left)* in the "Flashback to 1783" episode. Stanley Lupino *(right)* displays his skill in making jokes that seem to be spontaneous

DRAMA:

A PIRATE BOLD: Adele Dixon as "Mary Read" in the "Flashback to 1783" episode in *The Fleet's Lit Up*. Sticklers for accuracy may like to recall that the real Mary Read died in 1720, but that will not spoil a visit to the Hippodrome, where the fare is light, fantastic, and packed with good humour

IT would be absurd to say that the success of a play placed (not written) in the nineteenth century depends on what period of that century is chosen. Yet that period must be chosen with care; for costumes which our fathers and grandfathers can remember have their dangers, and in this connection our fathers' memories are the more dangerous. If I were giving advice to a young playwright with an urge to write about the days before he or she was born, though not vastly remote, I would say avoid the '90's, go easy with the '80's, and feel yourself quite safe with the '70's and any age before it. That is because costumes old enough to be unfashionable yet not old enough to be picturesque look merely dowdy and shabby. I remember making this point, which is far from a negligible one, in the case of Mr. Noel Coward's recent *Operette*. That production had other defects in addition to its virtues, which were hardly strong enough to balance that unfortunate Edwardian choice in the matter of millinery.

Miss Hilda Vaughan has, consciously or unconsciously, played for safety in *She Too Was Young*, her costume comedy at Wyndham's; for she has chosen the year 1873, when the world, mechanically speaking, was extremely flat and even Professor Joad would have found nothing whatever to grumble at. Why do dramatists write costume plays at all? I do not refer to dramas about knights in armour nor to the annual play about Queen Elizabeth or Mr. Pepys, but to the decision to invest a comedy which in its essentials would have been equally effective in 1938 clothes and furniture with the trappings of 1873. The reason can only be that Miss Vaughan prefers to throw herself back sixty-odd years and in some way feels at home there; as she has chosen sixty years and not thirty, the throwing-back is not a handicap and is even an asset.

What is really far more to the point is that her play is so good in itself that it is probably period-proof. Speculations, therefore, as to whether the drawing-rooms of large country houses in Wales in 1873 resembled that on the stage of Wyndham's Theatre are waste of time. Not only on that account did I resent, after that admirable first act, being questioned as a presumed authority. I have never been in a drawing-room of a large country house in Wales in my life, and in 1873—and even in 1883—I was not frequenting any sort of drawing-room anywhere.

The choice of period has given *She Too Was Young* only one fault, and that possibly a minor one. In the '70's, and for some years later, it was the fashion to use stage servants not only to answer the bell and to carry in the tea-things and so forth, but also to explain the plot. In nine plays out of ten the curtain would rise to disclose a butler, shifting a chair, chatting to a parlour-maid, flicking a feather duster, about the family who employed them and thereby giving the audience news of what had happened and an inkling of what was going to happen. I grew rather weary of the servants in this play, competently though they were performed, with indubitably authentic Welsh accents to assist with

"She Too Was Young"—a Play of Rare Charm: Hollywood Incongruously Couples Murder and Mirth: The Hippodrome Stages a Pantomime Revue

BY PHILIP PAGE

the atmosphere. Fortunately, this was the only lapse in this play about the '70's into the theatrical technique of the '70's. That people then still talked in the precise and stilted way Miss Vaughan sometimes makes them talk I am not in a position to deny. Even if one supposes that this was not the case, the archaic charm was irresistible.

Charm, indeed, is what this story of an uncharming match-making mamma primarily possesses. No suspicion of fantastic unreality goes with it, and the unfamiliarity (to us of 1938) is only concerned with non-essentials. A handsome young subaltern would fall in love to-day with a daughter-of-the-house as pretty as Miss Dorothy Hyson, even if he would not sit at the piano and sing a song to her. And if he did sing a song, it assuredly would not be anything as pleasant as "My Love is like a Red, Red Rose." Mamma was guilty of some foul tricks when she destroyed the subaltern's love letters to her daughter, having learned that his uncle would disinherit him. And, like match-making mammas of all centuries, she then encouraged the advances of an adoring local doctor (with a private income), considering medicine with money preferable as a son-in-law to the army without money. Her step-daughter, snubbed and thwarted but just as pretty, captured a rich old fop, whom she did not love, instead of the doctor, whom she rather fancied but who did not want her anyway. This difficult part was played with immense skill by Miss Ann Todd.

Miss Marie Ney as the mother had to be unsympathetic and wisely did not attempt to play for sympathy; she let us see her point of view and did not overdo the tyranny. Mr. Edmund Gwenn was for a couple of acts a Dickensian figure in a dressing-gown and smoking-cap as the elderly second husband who apparently cared for nothing but burrowing into books and snapping cynically at his family—brilliantly funny with, perhaps, rather obvious material. In Act III the character pulled itself together and magnificently did Mr. Gwenn, in a superb and serious scene, pull the play together also when it showed signs of becoming untidy. Mr. Esme Percy's dyed-in-the-whisker aristocrat was a welcome and all-too-brief visitor from the pages of Burnand.

A "Cupla" Films.—I have just seen a "cupla" (Hollywood and the brighter British journalese for "two") films. The ordeal was lessened by the fact that in the same forty-eight hours I had received a "cupla" grouse (benightedly old-fashioned people call this a brace) from friends in Scotland.

A certain film at the Empire is described in flaming letters outside the theatre as "a merry-go-round of love, laughs, mystery and murder." While admitting that the other elements in this comprehensive entertainment may justify such a description, I still cannot grasp how in any sense murder could form part of a merry-go-round.

Fast Company, also at the Empire, I thought an odd example of how the world of the "movies" is able to combine comedy and death. I have never been able to swallow that odd mixture with any sort of relish. But it is a fact that an enthusiastic audience revelled in the fun.

Mr. Melvyn Douglas showed that he could be heroic and comic as required (he plays the part of a dealer in rare books), and Miss Florence Rice, as his wife, looked much more attractive than the general run of wives, on or off the films.

Old Mother Riley in Paris, which I saw at a trade-show, comes under the slap-stick category and is concerned with the adventures of an irascible old Irishwoman who goes to Paris on the insurance money she is awarded after an accident, and who contrives to be most energetically un-funny there. This was wholly due to over-acting on the part of the person (male) who appears in the title-role. As a farce the film is a good one and likely to be popular, for it is ingeniously directed and contains amusing lines, some (though not all) of which have been amusing for forty years and more.

Most of the best performances were given by those who played small parts, among them Mr. Douglas Stewart, whose chairman of a Board of Directors had the authentic touch, Mr. Stanley Vilven, and Mr. Frank Terry. Particularly effective was the French officer of Mr. Richard Rivière, who, in addition to knowing his job as a film-actor, seemed to have strayed into the picture like some being from a better-bred world.

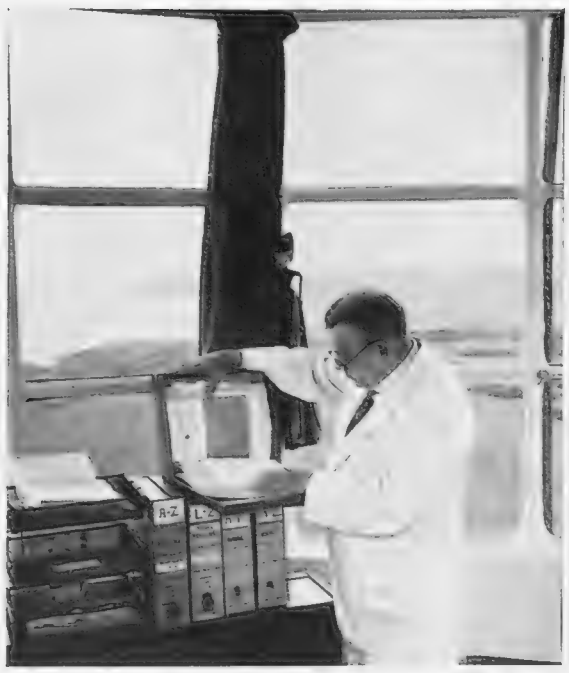
"The Fleet's Lit Up."—The new revue, *The Fleet's Lit Up*, at the London Hippodrome, has much of the Christmas pantomime about it, and so obviously does it smell of overwhelming popular success that any question of producing a real Christmas pantomime at this theatre can be ruled out at once for the best of all reasons. The show is lavish, full of colour, has a spot of romance, some tuneful music, a gang of pretty chorus-girls, plenty of knock-about fun, and exactly one line that is witty. I do not propose to describe the plot, except that it shows how it is possible in the revue-world for a rich young woman to buy up an eighteenth-century sailing ship, moored in the Thames and used as a night club, and to order it to sail at a "cupla" minutes notice to some Bali-ish place, guests and all. There was no question of provisioning that picturesque vessel, which had, apparently, to proceed some thousands of miles under sail alone, with a British admiral among the kidnapped. It is much more likely that *The Fleet's Lit Up* will sail securely to success than that the ship we saw could ever have reached the East Indies, which, for the purposes of the plot, it did. A dream device enabled a piratical battle to be staged effectively, and Mr. Stanley Lupino to be broadly funny as a pirate king. Mr. Lupino was never at a loss, was, as always, the perfect clown, and at one moment induced the audience to sing—another pantomime touch.

Miss Frances Day, indefatigably skittish, strengthened her status as a comedienne, but should not have essayed a bogus-pathetic song about a *demi-mondaine* who longed for the star-light, which was made to rhyme with "cocktail-bar light." Then Adele Dixon looked gracious and graceful and sang remarkably well. "With her," romantically, was Mr. Ralph Reader, who for some inscrutable reason considered that in order to play a British naval officer one should adopt an American accent.

A PLAY OF THE REVOLUTION: The Countess Rostova (May Agate), General Zadolski (C. M. Hallard), living symbol of the old Tsarist regime, and his pretty and impulsive daughter, Olga (Greta Gynt), are forced from the safety of the refugee train into the waiting room at Pavlograd Station, South Russia, there to submit to Communist interrogation. An episode from R. C. Hutchinson's play, *Last Train South*, which was presented on August 11 at the St. Martin's

ARRESTED FOR BRAWLING, Charles Saggers (Charles Laughton), a theatre queue entertainer, in the dock at Bow Street. An incident in the new Pommer-Laughton film, *St. Martin's Lane*, which is coming to the Regal

SHIRLEY TEMPLE IN BOSTON: Hollywood's starette being interviewed by the press on arrival in the city during her triumphal coast-to-coast tour. It was shortly after this that her doctors ordered her to bed, as the excitement had sent her temperature rocketing



FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD: Sir James Purves-Stewart, noted nerve specialist, in the study—once the lamp-room—of his home in Belle Toute lighthouse on the highest point of Beachy Head. Belle Toute has been out of commission for many years now, and Sir James has converted it into a most comfortable retreat

WALKING ON BEACHY HEAD: Sir James and Lady Purves-Stewart with their lighthouse home in the background

FAMILY HISTORIAN, BUT YET TO REACH HER 'TEENS: Twelve-year-old Joan Cope at work on her story of Bramshill Park, which she has both written and illustrated, and which is shortly to be published by Messrs. Constable. Joan is the daughter of Sir Denzil Cope, who a short while ago sold Bramshill to Lord Brocket

THE WORLD OF BOOKS: By Vernon Fane

A. E. W. MASON RE-CREATES THE TRAGEDY OF KONIGSMARK

A Sombre Page in Hanoverian History Provides The Theme for a Notable New Novel

ON a cold, grey, windy August morning I settled down to the reading of Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new novel. I was disgruntled, pardonably I think, with the weather, and feeling that high summer should suggest another occupation than reading indoors with the windows shut to keep out the bitter draughts. I was in no mood to be cajoled by a light, bright novel or to be bullied by the exigencies of a long saga. Simply and ambitiously, what I wanted was just a good story, that would obliterate everything else and make me forget the barometer.

KONIGSMARK (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) did more for me than that. It whisked me back to the seventeenth century, to long warm evenings under the lime alleys of the castle of Celle, to diplomatic intrigues and fateful games of cards, to murders and secret messengers, to beauty in distress and gallant deeds, and, above all, to an enchantment of which few writers hold the secret, the poignant romance of the past.

The tragedy of Count Philipp Konigsmark has been the subject of stories and plays before now, but never, I think, has it been more dramatically treated, or written down with such a sympathetic grasp.

VICTIM OF HIS OWN PASSION: Count Philipp Konigsmark, the Swedish soldier, whose love for Sophia Dorothea, wife of George, Crown Prince of Hanover and future King of England, led to his assassination. His life provides the theme for A. E. W. Mason's new novel

The true story is now known, although for many years it was a mystery, or, at best, a subject for conjecture. Philipp Konigsmark was in his youth a page at the Royal court of Celle, where the Duke, brother to the Duke of Hanover in the adjoining lands, held kindly rule over his little country. Duke George William had a beautiful daughter, Sophia Dorothea, only a few months younger than the boy page at her father's court, and, as little more than children, they fell in love and made their rainbow plans for the future. Unfortunately, the chancellor Bernstorff knew of their meetings, and had not only the power to send Philipp back to Sweden but, in later years, to wreck both their lives and be morally responsible for Philipp's murder.

Sophia married the son of the Duke of Hanover, and bore him children, but theirs was never a happy marriage and when Philipp Konigsmark next made his appearance at their court, she could hardly resist him. They fell in love, deeply and faithfully, and for some years they were happy enough in their moments snatched from obligations and duties. Discovery and imprisonment followed for Sophia at the hands of her husband, afterwards George I. Through his dedication to the ideal of Sophia and their love Konigsmark lost his great fortune, his reputation as a soldier, and eventually his life itself, for he was murdered at the orders of a scheming, jealous woman, Clara Platen, the mistress of Sophia's father-in-law and her implacable enemy since the first day of her arrival in Hanover.

After his murder, Konigsmark's body disappeared without trace, so that for many years, until Clara Platen confessed on her death bed, the crime was undiscovered. Later still, workmen, making structural alterations to the castle, found the bricked-up skeleton which confirmed her dreadful story.

So much is history, but what is more is its presentation by Mr. A. E.W. Mason. A story may be true enough, but it may also be dull stuff till it receives the illuminating touch. There is probably no greater master of that touch to-day than this author, and *Konigsmark* stands beside *The Four Feathers* in the list of his achievements.

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.) deserves an appreciative grin for the satiric intention of its title, and it deserves something more, even though that something stops this side of whole-hearted commendation.

Mr. Clyde Brion Davis is, I suspect, one of those people with more humour than he will allow his writing to show. He is also one of those writers whose chief literary trouble lies in knowing what to discard and what to pare off. He can no more help writing than Mr. Thomas Wolfe, though the words that flow from his pen have a less poetic quality, and the enthusiasm with which he follows his story is contagious enough to be mistaken quite often for real appreciation.

I would not go as far as that, however. Mr. Davis has a gift for words, and for story-telling certainly; he also has a gift for pictorial, two-dimensional character drawing. So that in a story which rattles along from adolescence to old age, he is never at a loss for a scene or a word or an emotion. If the reader is a little chary of the sincerity of those emotions, that is his misfortune and not part of the writer's scheme.

Homer Zigler who "wanted to do something brilliant with his life," and spent his years in a job he didn't enjoy, with a woman he didn't love, is a type of the Great Disappointed and a worthy study for any novelist. Whether Mr. Davis has done him justice or only written an extremely readable novel will be left for his public to decide. And that public, I feel sure, is a comfortably large one.

A public bar, even if it is a fashionable cocktail bar, is an admirable microcosm of urban life. Like conversations overheard in the street, each half-hour's sojourn in the cool room with its meretricious decorations gives an unnaturally acute insight into the lives of transient people. The snatches of talk may not be very profound guides to character or to sentiment, but they seem at the time to be revealing and to give one an agreeably Olympian attitude to one's fellows.

NIPPER'S BAR (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is a very ingenious arrangement of a series of such episodes, with a Jermyn Street bar as a background. Mr. Leonard Cooper, who has a fine sense of humour, has made use of as varying types as any writer could desire.

A defaulting financier wriggles successfully out of his colleagues' clutches; a young man pursues an Oxford flirtation; two women of really appalling mediocrity discuss music—"I simply love Chopin"—while their husbands compare notes and commiserate with each other, and two dons display, respectively, their worldliness and their simplicity in their choice of sherry.

In turn, an egotistical actor-manager, "resting" at the moment, cadges for, and gets, an invitation to dinner, an engaged couple have an icy difference of opinion over the furniture for the new house, and a young man parades his newly acquired social graces for the benefit of his North-country father.

This is an amusing if not strictly an original theme, and Mr. Cooper has steered an expert course between realism and sentimentality. I liked his jokes, too.

Canoeing down the Mississippi sounds to me a fairly hazardous enterprise, but in this, as in every other present-day activity, there are experts, and one of them has just published an account of his experiences.

CANOE ERRANT ON THE MISSISSIPPI (Methuen. 10s. 6d.) is far from being the specialists' reading that it might seem. Major Raven-Hart was making a Mark Twain pilgrimage down the great river as far as Baton Rouge, and he faithfully follows his mentor's route, and quotes from his descriptive prose whenever he feels the impulse.

In my opinion, however, Major Raven-Hart needs no such literary bolstering, for his own writing is both lively and unstrained, and I very much enjoyed his opinion of Cairo, Illinois, in which the hotel bore such admonitory notices as "Please keep feet off furniture" and (which I liked even better, with its suggestion of unsavoury guests), "Please take bath and wash clothes as early as possible."

The writer glosses over the fact that it is no mean feat to navigate that river in so frail a craft as a two-seated canoe, and reserves his enthusiasm for the beauty of the scene and the friendliness of the people in the tiny riverside villages and the important towns. To one whose canoeing exploits have been confined to the reach between Marlow bridge and Temple lock it is an eye-opening story of enterprise and sheer fun.

Confronted with a large-type announcement that a certain book has won a £250 prize, and that an American one, for the "best" detective novel, the hardened reviewer is apt to achieve a state of indifference bordering on the supernatural.

But reviewers sometimes take a night off at the pictures; very occasionally they enjoy themselves well enough to remember what they've seen. Recently there was a fast moving and highly diverting piece called *Fast Company*, the best of its kind we have seen since *The Thin Man*. And since that prize-winner **FAST COMPANY** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) was among the batch of new novels this week we thought we had better look and see how much of it was about what the picture was about.

(*Continued on page* 352)

Every collector of old silver would covet this Ewer, the hall-marks on which prove that it was made in London in 1714-5 by the celebrated Pierre Platel. In the Victoria and Albert Museum

HALL-MARKS OF QUALITY

Those who appreciate quality in all things well know the significance of the famous Red Triangle of Bass—incidentally the first trade mark to be registered in this country and recognised in all countries as the sign manual of Britain's Vintage Ale.

Issued by Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton, Ltd. Burton-on-Trent. England

THE ROVER PROGRAMME FOR 1939

Alterations and Improvements in All Models by This Famous Firm

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

ANOTHER interesting 1939 programme can now be given publicity. The Rover Company Limited announce that a number of improvements have been made in all models and one in particular has been entirely redesigned. Before going into details of the improvements I would state that the Rover programme consists of 10 and 12 h.p. 4-cylinder cars and with 6-cylinder engines there are the 14, 16 and 20 h.p. models. The Fourteen is the one that has been entirely redesigned. By comparison with earlier 14 h.p. models the rating of the new engine is 14.9 and the cubic capacity is 1,901, against respectively 13·9 h.p. and 1,577 cc. In other words, the size of the engine has been increased by approximately 20 per cent. Although the R.A.C. rating is only 1 h.p. more than the older car, the brake horse power developed is, needless to say, considerably more than proportionately increased.

There is nothing revolutionary in the design of the engine or of the chassis but it is interesting to note that the former boasts of a fully counter-balanced four-bearing crankshaft, easily accessible overhead valve gear operated by pushrod from the camshaft, and a new gear box with synchro-mesh third and top gears combined with a free-wheel.

This new gear box is being employed on all models, though naturally of an appropriate size for the work it has to do. A new saloon body is now mounted on the Ten chassis, and the design is similar to that of the 12, 14 and 16 h.p. saloons, all of which have the familiar built-in luggage compartment and concealed spare wheel at the rear in place of the folding luggage grid. On the 6-cylinder models anti-roll stabilisers have been fitted to both front and rear axles. The purpose of these is to improve the road holding and stability of the car at high speeds and particularly when cornering. The Rover Company point out that the fitting of these stabilisers to both axles, a more generous equipment than usual, has a marked effect on the car's stability.

Outwardly, there is little alteration to be noticed in the 1939 coachwork, excluding, of course, the Ten saloon to which I have already alluded. Alterations have, of course, been made, but they are of a detailed nature, not always apparent to the casual observer. Personally, I am glad to know that the very pleasing lines and the high degree of comfort which have characterised Rover bodies during the past season are not going to be experimented upon in the hope of producing something better. To improve the last season's coachwork would be a difficult task. Among the alterations I would mention increased accommodation for the rear passengers in the 16 h.p. saloon.

The dual windscreen wipers are arranged to operate even when the ventilating windscreen is slightly opened for the removal of interior mist or for ventilation purposes. A reserve petrol supply of approximately one gallon is provided for and an electrically operated control is located on the instrument board. All models have an oil pressure gauge mounted on the instrument board and on the 6-cylinder models this is combined with a water temperature gauge. The prices range from £275 for the 10 h.p. saloon to £425 for the 20 h.p. sports saloon.

ROOMINESS AND COMFORT: The new 25-h.p. Super-Six Wolseley Limousine which provides a new conception of riding ease by the incorporation of Wolseley phased suspension. There is ample accommodation for seven people

A month or so ago I mentioned in these notes that those responsible for the maintenance and construction of the good old Kingston by-pass had erected some bridges across the double-carriage ways, presumably for the purpose of enabling pedestrians to cross in safety. Since I wrote those previous remarks I think in fairness I should record that I have seen seven people using these bridges, and I suppose this number has so encouraged the authorities in question that they are now busy erecting another one.

All I can say is that the only people who are likely to reap any benefit whatever from these ugly useless structures are the people who are supplying and erecting them.

I do not expect anyone so busy as the individual who thinks out these brainy schemes to have time to read my comments on his contribution to road safety, but I would have thought that before he put up any more he would have watched those completed to see if the public were running up and down the long tiresome stairways singing songs of praise to the benefactor who had thus ensured their safe crossing. Neither Mr. Burgin nor the Ministry of Transport can escape responsibility and so I presume that they are in favour of it.

Taking that assumption as being correct, I wonder if Mr. Burgin is going to quell the manufactured uproar on Western Avenue by the erection of some of these bridges. It would certainly be a good test as to whether they are ever likely to be used if they were erected on Western Avenue.

I do not doubt that the mothers in the houses around certain portions of Western Avenue are genuinely worried over the safety of their children while the latter are crossing this by-pass. I do object, however, to the blame being entirely saddled on to the long-suffering motorist. After all, if children were permitted to play on the railway lines at Clapham Junction it would be surprising if any of them escaped injury, but one could scarcely blame the drivers of the respective engines which knocked them down.

Speaking quite plainly, all by-pass roads, such as Western Avenue, which were constructed originally so that drivers of cars could get along quickly, should be fitted with railings to divide the footpath from the roadway throughout their entire length and people should be enabled to cross by subways at convenient intervals. If those subways can be fitted with moving stairs for movement both up and down, so much the better for all concerned.

Some phrases seldom ring true

"Keep your hair on"

but

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Whole Country Welcomes the News:

STILL BETTER AUSTIN CARS

AT REDUCED PRICES

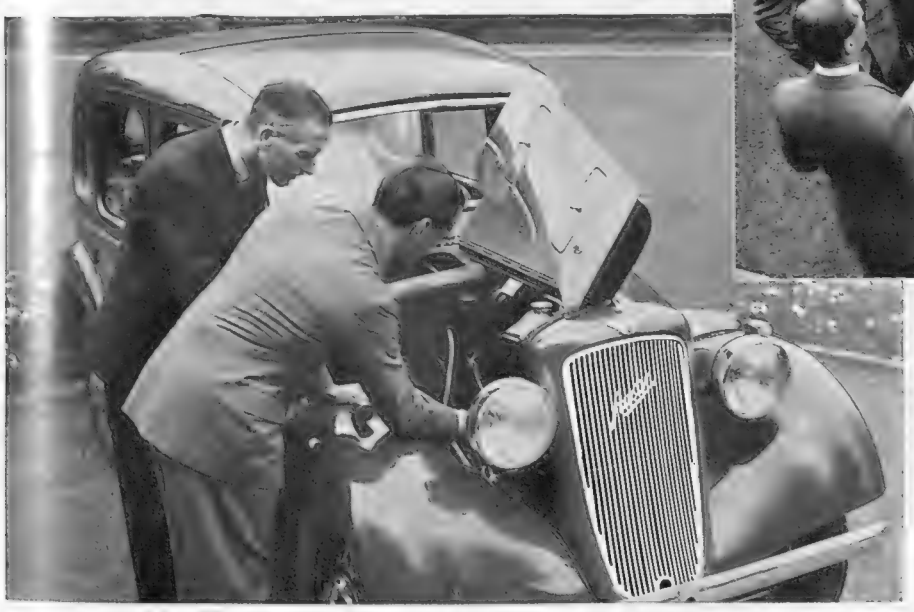
Great Interest in Improved Features

Determined to put Austin cars within the reach of the widest possible public, Austin have made price reductions on all popular models.

Only the Austin method of large-scale precision production has made the new prices possible. By a process of constant checking and testing of every component and operation, all loss and wastage are eliminated. Overheads are reduced and the quality and dependability of Austin cars maintained and even increased. New features giving more power, livelier acceleration, greater riding comfort and safety are announced.

What are people saying about the news? Read these comments from motorists and motorists-to-be about the Austin programme:—

"What! Another reduction on the Big '7'? That's the second in six months"—"I do like this new low sliding roof"—"for lively acceleration give me the Big '7' every time"—"it's just the car we want, with good leg room for four"—"marvellous engine, I call it, 25 b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m."—"good equipment, it's got everything"—"over 60 in top, over 40 miles to the gallon?—we've simply got to have one—we can afford it now."



"An aluminium cylinder head in the '10' and a £10 saving suits me all right"—"she's got lots more power and acceleration now *and* gives more m.p.g."—"the brakes are the best I've tried . . . I like the new pistol-grip handbrake, too . . . I can reach the driving seat from either side"—"how well she rides with these new shock absorbers!"—"it's nice and quiet . . . I suppose that's their 'sound-insulation'"—"she's really roomy, the best '10' I know, and the luggage locker's larger than ever."

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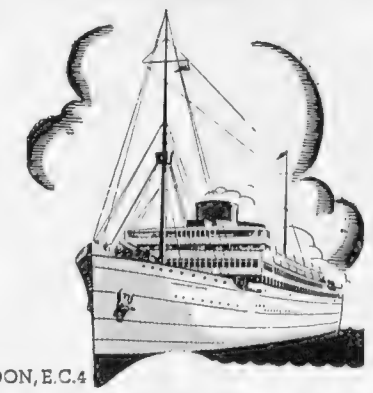

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THE KINGDOM OF THE SOUTHERN SLAVS

Where Turkey Bequeathed a Rich Legacy : A Hospitable People

DUBROVNIK and the Dalmatian coast are quite familiar names to the tourist, thanks in no small measure to the cruising liners, but talk of Yugoslavia and many have but a vague idea of what it includes. Until quite recently it was confused with Czechoslovakia, but the spotlight of European politics has been so concentrated on that country of late that its boundaries are now much more clearly defined in most of our minds. The fact is, of course, that at their closest points the two countries are separated by about 100 miles of Hungary.

If you knew the war days you will realise that you are getting very near its powder magazine in this part of the world. Serbia and Montenegro were names familiar enough then, and we came to know their people as sturdy fighters under the most rigorous conditions. You can go back to the beginning of it all and recall that Archduke Francis Ferdinand was assassinated at Sarajevo—the capital of the old Austro-Hungarian province of Bosnia. All these places are in the greater Serbia, the Kingdom of the Southern Slavs.

In more peaceful days it has given a setting on Lake Bohinj for one of our own Royal romances, that of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina. Bohinj is in the Slovenian Mountains in that corner of the country which comes up to the Austrian boundary, and not far away, sheltered on three sides by lofty mountains, while presenting an uninterrupted southern aspect to the sun, is Bled, summer residence of the Yugoslav Royal Family and the diplomatic corps. Lying on the threshold of Yugoslavia, this lovely part of the country with lakes, mountains, and spas is easily accessible through Austria and Italy. Lake Bled has drawn considerable tourist traffic from this country this year, and we shall hear a good deal more of it in days to come.

In addition to Bohinj, Kranjska Gora, another mountain health resort, the Falls of Savica and Triglav are places to see, and penetrating a little further you reach Ljubljana, at one time the capital of Slovenia and now the third city of Yugoslavia. It used to be known as Laibach and has been likened to Innsbruck. It nestles at the foot of a steep hill, crowned by a fifteenth-century fortress on the edge of a vast plain surrounded by the heights of the Kamnik Alps.

The railway follows the course of the River Save, which runs right through the northern part of the country and eventually joins the Danube at Belgrade. It is not a long run to Zagreb, a lovely city and intellectual centre where the ideal of the union of all the Southern Slavs was fostered. Once the capital of Croatia, Zagreb is now, with 185,000 people, the second city of the kingdom and it holds much of interest to the traveller, not least the picturesque peasant costumes.

As you might expect in a country which brings together a number of racial branches, there is considerable range in costume and custom. The details of these costumes have been determined by tradition, and range not only from province to province but even from village to village. Embroidered robes, neck chains, variegated shawls and aprons, and silks of brilliant colours all play their part in the designs. If you are interested in folk lore you will find a wealth of it in Yugoslavia. How near you can get to the people themselves must rest with the capacity of each traveller for making friends. Certainly the Southern Slavs will come more than half way to meet you if necessary, and should you penetrate their homes you will find them hospitable and industrious.

From Zagreb there is an interesting excursion to the sixteen Lakes of Plitvice, with their many waterfalls and grottoes in a lovely wooded valley among the mountains; certainly one of the most enchanting scenes in the country. This is on the line to the coast at Split, but for the moment come back to Zagreb and go out on another route to the old Oriental town of Banja Luka. From there you might motor through the magnificent gorge of the River Vrbas to Jajce, which was once the seat of the Bosnian kings. The Vrbas tumbles through the town and over the Pliva Falls.

Next see the old Turkish town of Sarajevo, once the capital of Muslim Bosnia, and you will look on its 100 minarets wondering if this can really be Europe. The Ottoman domination of this part of the world for hundreds of years bequeathed it a legacy with unfailing fascination for the traveller. Sarajevo lies on the slopes of densely wooded mountains, the streets are narrow and steep, and there is a quaintness about the tiny Oriental shops.

From there you may elect to go to Belgrade, modern yet with relics of its troublous past, and down through old Serbia to the Macedonian frontier, perhaps spending a time at Skoplje, the tourist centre of the south, divided by the River Vardar which runs into the Gulf of Salonika, only some 50 miles beyond the frontier. There is enough history and scenery to keep you there many a day.

So far I have said little of the tourist aspect of the country which is best known, the Dalmatian coast, my object having been to indicate that from the traveller's point of view the interest in Yugoslavia lies as much behind those mountain ramparts as among the islands and along the shores of the Adriatic. It is, of course, a lovely introduction to the country to cruise down the coast in one of the well found Yugoslav steamers from Venice, calling here and there and collecting a multitude of impressions. Dubrovnik will be the most vivid of them all. I have not met any traveller who has not been fascinated by the panorama it presents, a picture which will stand the most careful scrutiny.

The first port across the Italian frontier is Susak, a few miles from Fiume, and a little farther on is Crikvenica, the largest seaside resort in Dalmatia. There are several little places in the neighbourhood and on the island of Krk lying close to the mainland. Rab, Hvar, Korcula are other islands you should visit, and the town of Korcula is not unlike Dubrovnik but on a smaller scale. Split, on the mainland, is regarded as the tourist centre of the Adriatic. It is, as I have mentioned, in direct communication with Zagreb, and is renowned for the palace of the Roman Emperor Diocletian. Within the well-preserved shell of this palace the old town of Split has been built, and it now extends down to the sea on every side. Its setting is delightful.

From Dubrovnik some travellers make for Sarajevo, using the mountain railway which passes through Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, with a famous Roman bridge. There is also a tour which goes to Cavtat, Hercegnovi, a resort at the entrance to the Gulf of Kotor, an impressive deep-water fjord, and through the Lovcen Pass to Cetinje, a name famous in Balkan wars when it was the capital of romantic Montenegro. The journey continues through Peć to Skoplje. Away down in the angle formed by the frontier of Albania and Greece is yet another beauty spot, Ochrida, on a bluff above the clear waters of the lake of the name stretching some 20 miles towards the purple masses of the Albanian mountains.

There is no room now to detail the sporting possibilities of this attractive country, but they range from fishing and hunting to mountaineering and ski-ing. Finally, you may wonder why its name is sometimes spelt with a Y, at others with J. One of their publications is *Jugoslovija*—bearing the word Yugoslavia in its imprint, so it does not seem to matter much, though if you prefer "J" you must have two of them.

Beverley Brooke

"DUBROVNIK, PEARL OF THE ADRIATIC": With a sapphire blue sea and tree-clad, steeply rising slopes for its setting, this old port, once the powerful rival of Venice, has a greater lure for the traveller than perhaps any other place on the Dalmatian coast

BEAUTIFUL BUDVA: This town, picturesquely situated at the southern end of the Dalmatian coast, near Cattaro, juts out into the calm waters of the Adriatic sea, and behind it rise the great hills on the other side of which lies Cetinje, the capital of old Montenegro

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In Quest of

Torquay Offers Hotel Bargains: on Advantageous Terms, Par

ALL ladies have a keen eye for a bargain. Even the mere male, though not such a searcher, is quick to recognise good value. With summer sales in full force I will this week put both sexes on the scent of some really good bargains—in hotels. But before we set out we must have a clear understanding of what a genuine hotel bargain is. The prices will be found to be clearly marked and adhered to. We must not attempt to drive a bargain, otherwise our rashness will recoil on us and we may easily be driven into desperation. The public who try to cut prices and the hotels who wilt under their pressure both suffer. There is an economic safety margin in hotel management and once this is overstepped the same quality of food never again enters the back door and the Quality walk out of the front.

There is another point to be remembered: hotel prices vary, as do Stock Exchange prices, with public demand. At the height of the summer they are naturally at their highest, but in the autumn and winter—and in particular for the visitor who is prepared to contract for a long stay—there are some very genuine bargains to be picked up.

I can but touch on the fringe of the subject, so we will this week repair to one very fruitful district, namely Torquay.

From its first beginnings Torquay has had a well-deserved reputation as a winter resort, but as the years went on its spring and summer season began to vie with its winter one. Torquay flourishes, as does its palm trees, but the increasing tide of visitors has led to hotels springing up like mushrooms, with the result that with the exception of certain seasons there are not enough people in the country to fill her hotels all the year round. As a consequence, a good deal of acumen is required to pick out the genuine bargains from the catch offer.

For those who are contemplating a long stay in Torquay I can from personal knowledge pick out some real bargains which are well worth snapping up.

The Grand Hotel.—Possibly the most outstanding hotel in Torquay. Five star A.A., on the level with a magnificent view over Torbay and a social centre of Torquay's local life. 200 rooms, some seventy with private bathrooms. There are suites, too, for those who can afford the extra luxury. It is one of the few large first-class hotels which can claim a personal touch. Mr. and Mrs. Paul, the joint managers, are ceaseless in making you individually comfortable. The directors, J. and D. Gilley, are ever in the background, and as a result the hotel and its visitors never want for anything.

Terms from October 1 to January 31 (Christmas holidays excluded) run from 5, 6, and 7½ guineas a week according to the size and position of accommodation. For long-stay visitors they have a sliding plan which, in effect, means

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There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly. Write the Manager : OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone : Weybridge 1190.

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL

A five-star hotel and more in the finest position, the Grand is to-day easily the leading hotel in Torquay.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

On the waters edge and on the level, the majority of rooms face South and the sea. Terms include golf, tennis, squash and nightly dancing to Harry Evans and his band, cuisine and service are unrivalled by any hotel on our coast. Write R. Paul, Manager, for illustrated brochure; tel: 2234

The Grand, Torquay

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The Garden Hotel of Torquay

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Inclusive September Terms from 4½ gns.

Write for descriptive brochure.

THE GARDEN HOTEL Lincombe Hall OF TORQUAY

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Where to Make a Long Stay ticularly in the Winter Months

that the longer you stay, the less you pay, and as in any case the terms include free golf, squash, tennis, billiards, and dining nightly to Harry Evans and his dance band, a stay at the Grand is in the nature of a very good bargain.

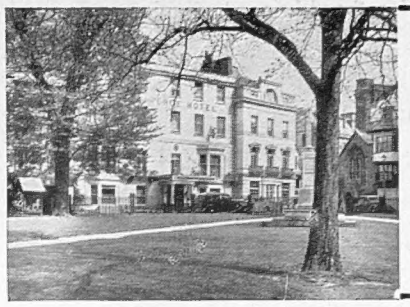
Headland Hotel.—Under the same directorship as the Grand and equally first-class, situated in a magnificent position overlooking Torbay and 200 yards away from the main road, the Headland will appeal to those who appreciate absolute quietude and a peaceful atmosphere, yet who can when they want, enjoy without any extra charge the recreation and entertainment that the Grand offers.

Among the major assets of the Headland are many ground floor bedrooms with communicating private bathrooms, a very first-class cuisine under the direction of the manager, Mr. Tschumy, who is Swiss-born and Swiss-trained. To him, too, must be given most of the credit for the scrupulous cleanliness of the Headland and for those little personal attentions which give winter residents at the Headland something to look forward to each year. The terms run from 5 guineas a week. If you are accustomed to pay 7 guineas a week and upwards, you will realise the bargain you have secured after but a few days of Headland comfort. Several SPHERE readers have written in glowing terms of my recommendation of the Headland and with such endorsements I have no hesitation in recommending it again.

Lincombe Hall Hotel.—If you knew as I do the very keen personal interest that the directors of Lincombe Hall take in it, you would no longer express surprise that the hotel is well filled at all times of the year. In as perfect a sheltered position as one could wish, Lincombe Hall has well earned its title as the Garden Hotel of Torquay. Situated within a few minutes of the shops, and with the free use of the hotel bus to level out Torquay's hills, one has at Lincombe Hall the benefit of the countryside with the convenience of the town.

But even if Lincombe Hall were not so strategically placed, the real bargain hunter has plenty of scope in this excellently equipped hotel. Double bedrooms, normally used as such in the height of the season, are used as singles for a long winter let and at single-room prices. Bedrooms, too, which are of such a size and attraction that they virtually can be considered as sitting-rooms. Here there is always a full staff and service.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE. *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*



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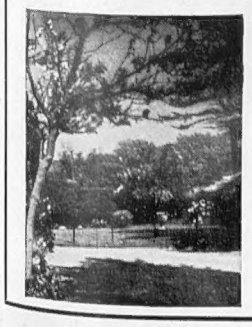

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PEEBLES HYDRO

THE WEST INDIAN SCENE (Continued from page 322)

when the labourer got nothing beyond his housing and keep. Ever since then the tendency has been to pay him as little as possible for his labour. In the West Indies it needs but little to keep body and soul together and that little can be earned without over exertion. The West Indian labourer is certainly a very casual person; but there might be a different tale to tell of his capacity if he were decently housed, adequately nourished, taught to read and write—at least half the population of the West Indies is illiterate—and in general fitted to aim at a more civilised standard of life.

In every island there is at least one relatively large town and thither drift the best and the worst from the countryside—the best because they feel that only in the towns will they get their chance, and the worst because they can shift along more comfortably in a place where it will take some time for them to become well known. The very look of the towns reflects the extremes of wealth and poverty to which these circumstances naturally give rise.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 344)

If you are at one with this department in being a push-over for the works of Mr. Dashiel Hammett then you must be sure not to miss *Fast Company*. Not that Mr. Marco Page is of the school of Mr. Hammett. I mean that, in England, his slick, fast-moving American dialogue will best be appreciated by Hammett or Runyon fans.

You wouldn't believe, would you, that there could be sluggings, stick-ups, snatchings, blackmail and murder in the rare book racket? Mr. Page opens his story in a sale room with a very fine Emile Zola being knocked down to a certain Joel Glass for 70 dollars. From then on we discover that Mr. Glass, besides knowing all about first folio Shakespeares, is a first-class detective.

We enjoyed this book so much that we were even glad about the prize; and we shall have to try to find that picture again, for we took a favourable view of the casting of Mrs. Glass.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

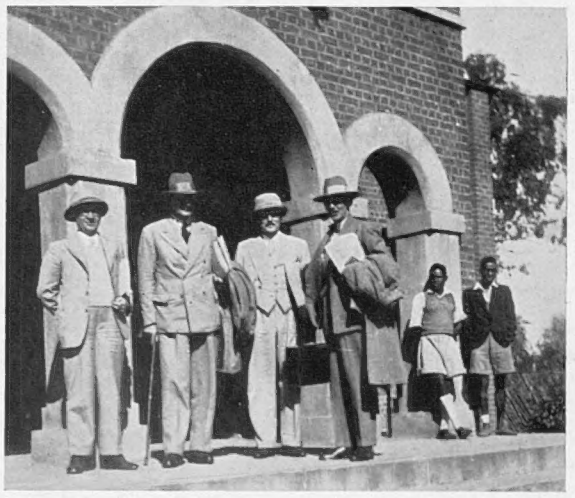
1,200 poor boys and girls are being cared for by the above Society. These poor children are being given a real chance in life, a chance that was impossible before they entered the Society. Apart from the training of boys for the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy, the Society trains boys for definite trades—careers for which they show a natural aptitude. The girls are prepared for domestic service. Will you please send donations to help this great work. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

FOSTERING ARTS AND CRAFTS IN NIGERIA

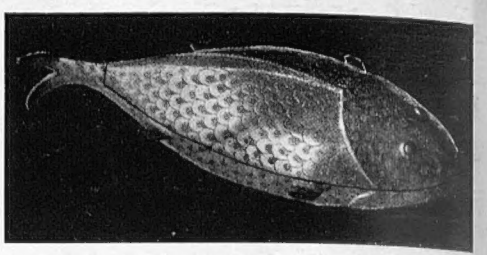
Educating the African Through His Hands

THE problem of educating the African is common both to our colonial and dominion administrators, and on their decisions to-day depends the well-being for the future of coloured folk in vast areas of this southern continent. There are many who aver that to teach an African in the same way as a European is courting disaster; that to set him down at a school desk for long hours at a time will in no way help to bring him on a mental par with the white man. Rather do they urge that he be taught through his hands; through the medium of arts and crafts. It is a less precipitate way of bringing the African in step with northern civilisation, and wherever it is in practice results would appear to be most encouraging.

It is therefore good to see that the summer issue of that interesting quarterly magazine *Nigeria** is specially devoted to arts and crafts. In a series of excellently illustrated articles the attention of the reader is drawn not only to the valuable contributions Africans are making to the world of art, but also to the urgent need for fostering craftsmanship which, in certain directions, is in very great danger of dying out owing to lack of support. This is particularly so in regard to wood-carving and brass-casting.



AN EAST AFRICAN INDABA: Mr. W. H. Mainwaring, M.P., Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, M.P., Mr. H. E. Duncan (general manager of Nyasaland Railways), and Mr. Ian Orr-Ewing, M.P., arriving at the Queen Victoria Memorial Hall, Blantyre, Nyasaland, to hear evidence regarding the proposed amalgamation of Nyasaland and the Rhodesias. They are members of the Royal Commission under Viscount Bledisloe, former Governor-General of New Zealand, and are engaged in touring the country seeking the views of Europeans, Asiatics, and Africans



A FINE SPECIMEN OF BENIN CRAFTSMANSHIP: A brass box in the form of a fish, delicately engraved

In discussing this point the editor of *Nigeria* remarks: "In the past, many of the chiefs and other important men employed carvers to construct beautiful stools, carved doors, panels and posts. Benin City became world famous as a result of the high standard of workmanship in metal casting and engraving attained by her craftsmen in years past. Now, as we travel about the country, we see carved doors and posts rotting and neglected, and on the other hand churches with cheap imported hymn-boards and brass-eagle reading-desks, also native administration council halls, as at Ibadan and Ilesha, completely devoid of everything African.

"At Benin City we might at least expect to see carving or brass work incorporated in the court house, post office, police station and other public buildings, but our search will be in vain; even the new middle school is equally barren. The skilled brass workers of Benin have received so little encouragement during the past few years that most of them have abandoned the craft and taken to other work. Two years ago it was possible to purchase excellent brass work in Benin cast by the ciré-perdu process and delicately engraved. A few months ago when a request was made for samples for exhibition at Glasgow it was found impossible to get any of suitable quality.

"The art of the people of Nigeria is something they may well be proud of. It can be easily adapted to modern conditions."

* *Nigeria*, published quarterly at 6d. by the Education Department, Lagos.

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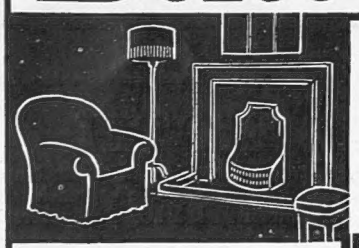

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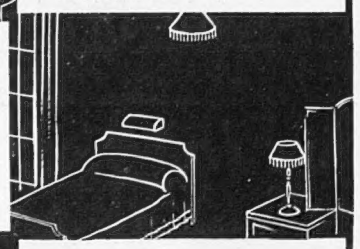

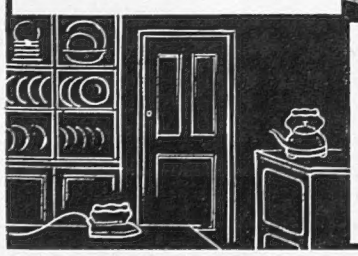

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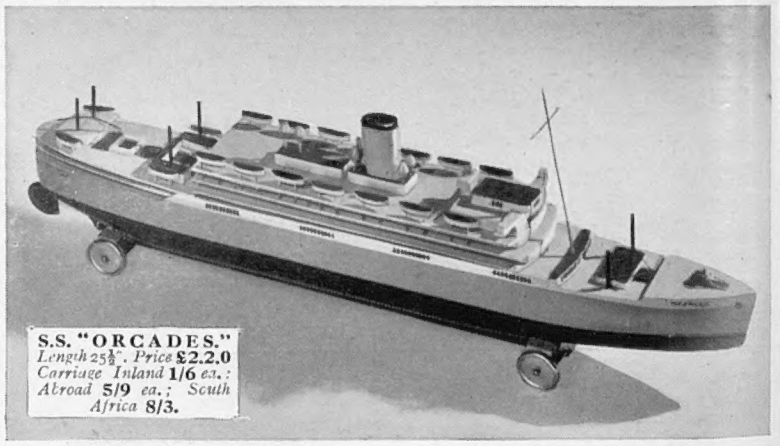

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l. 1½ hours from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Imperial.—Exclusive, world known, close to the springs and baths, own park. Season, April 15 to October 15. Prospectus.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The Leading Hotel

FRANCE.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest) Brenners Parkhotel, Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-class family hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kurpark oppos. Baths & Springs.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.—Incomparably beautiful situated. First-class hotel. Every comfort at mod. terms.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—Lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Every com. Prospec. thro' propr.: Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrooms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

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Rome.—Hotel Victoria.—First-class. Central and quiet, opposite Borghese Gardens. English-speaking staff.

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Bürgenstock (Lake of Lucerne).—Le Grand Hôtel.—Holiday resort. Golf, tennis, bathing beach.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming.

Gunten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun).—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Bathing. Tenn. Golf. Pens. fm. Fr.12.50.

Interlaken.—Grand Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.—Finest sitn. on main prom. facing Jungfrau. absolutely first-class. Pension rate from fr. 17.

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Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

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Lucerne.—Grand National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming pool. Open-air rest.

Mont Pelerin, Grand Hotel.—Mst. cntl. & btfl. spt. fr. rt. & hols., 3,000 ft. up; mg. vw. ovr. Lke. Geneva; easy ac. all dsts.; tms. fm. 12s. a day.

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Brockenhurst.—Carey's Manor Hotel. A.A.***
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel. Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
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Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn.
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Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.
Seaview.—Pier Hotel. Phone, Seaview 6.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aberfoyle.—Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

THE TIGON *and the* LYGER

IN Mysore or Calcutta, in the great zoological gardens of India, the turbanned keepers sometimes show you proudly a soft-stepping, agile animal like no other you have ever seen, but which is nevertheless oddly familiar. The colour is tawny, and the stripes only faintly adumbrated; the posture, the walk, have both leonine and housecat characteristics. And with reason. Occasionally in the Indian zoos tigers and lions mate together. The progeny, if any come, are called "tigons" or "lygers," the former if the tiger is the father, the latter if the father is the lion. They are rare creatures, and usually they are short-lived.

Similarly in India to-day, everywhere in India, not just Mysore or Jaipur or Calcutta, you may see the beginnings of what may turn out to be an analogous experiment. It is an experiment in human and political zoology; it is being planned and talked over in viceregal lodges, princely palaces, and the homes of Congress workers. The British in India—the keepers with their keys—are trying to make the lion and the tiger lie down together. They are, in other words, trying to unite the India of the native states and the India of the eleven provinces ruled by British governors, trying to make Indian India and British India coalesce.

The experiment—the project rather—is called Federation. Do not think, simply because I have spent two months in India trying to absorb Indian atmosphere, Indian politics, through every pore every minute of the day, to exclusion of everything else, that I am exaggerating. The experiment—the project—the problem—of Federation is unique. It is quite possibly the most complex political issue in the world to-day, the most onerous, the most exacting. The future of one-fifth of the human race, namely the 352,000,000 people of India, depends on it, and so perhaps depends the future of the British Empire.

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